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ART. I.—CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

The Life of Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, Doctor and Knight, commonly known as a Magician. By Henry Morley, Author of "Palissy the Potter," "Jerome Cardan," &c., &c. Two Vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1856.

WHILE some are projecting or accomplishing great engineering feats in modern times, amongst which tunnelling and boring enormous lengths and depths are not the least surprising, it is some satisfaction to know that there are intellectual as well as matter-of-fact engineers, who labour strenuously to open up to us, with as little expenditure of effort upon our part as possible, pleasant and productive regions of literature, which but for their industry were difficult of access. One of the most plodding and painstaking projectors of schemes for our intellectual delectation is the ingenious Mr. Morley, who in addition to his "Cardan" and "Palissy," has conferred upon us a yet further benefit in the memoir of the celebrated CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, familiarly known to most readers as the author of the treatise on The "Vanity of the Arts and Sciences." The tastes and aptitudes of our literary craftsman, Mr. Morley, lead him, unlike the multitudinous brood of Apocalyptic prophets, into the realm of the past, and his exploits consist in tunnelling into the abysses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, wherein he has proved himself no unsuccessful adventurer—the Telford or the Dargan of the realms of old. He is unquestionably the greatest bore of our acquaintance, and the nuggets with which he has returned to us are demonstrative proof of the thrift of his speculation, the honesty of his exertions, and the high temper of his tools. Of his

abilities, and of the particular walk in which he has determined to exercise them, we entertain the highest opinion, for if we ourselves had a weakness, which as critics we shall of course stoutly deny, it were to hanker after and admire the celebrities, minor as well as major, of two centuries back, together with, we would hope, no lack of a generous appreciation of modern research. Of the latter we promise our author the advantage, while of his subject-matter we shall cull a few good things to justify our respect for the carronades and popguns alike of the fifteenth century, A.D. The carronades of those days were very imposing and effective pieces of ordnance, while the very popguns popped in a sonorous and martial manner. Our readers may be assured that the *dii* of the period we speak of were very *dii*, and no shams—gods every inch of them, though doubtless some *minorum gentium*—real marble, and ivory, and gold, not stucco, veneer, and ruddle. Our gentle public will bear with us while we prove it by the case of one of the subalterns, Mr. Morley's hero, the Herr von Nettesheim, more familiarly known as the magician Cornelius Agrippa.

In Cologne—renowned for its unsavoury smells and fragrant *eau*, its broad Rhine and narrow causeways, its Dom and its Deutz, its eleven thousand virgins and its three kings—was it the hap of the hero to be born. Taking occasion from the name, it has been more than conjectured that he entered this best of all possible worlds in a position the reverse of the usual one, with his understanding, instead of the case for his understanding, foremost; hence his appellative Agrippa, *ab ægritudine pedum*. The fact, we must subjoin, is doubtful, and the derivation queer, though Aulus Gellius avouches its legitimacy. But such an entrance into this mundane sphere would have been emblematic of Agrippa's every successive step in life, where we find him, in the more expressive than elegant phrase, invariably putting his foot in it. His course is a succession of mishaps and break-downs, and by the time he reaches his journey's end, he is utterly foundered, done up, and worn out. No edition of the "Calamities of Authors" can be complete which omits the disastrous life of Cornelius Agrippa. He only sets out to fail, only shoots to miss his aim, only climbs to sink more deeply than before. His advance is not progress. The obstacles increase as he goes; he—

" Drags at each remove a heavier chain."

The family of the youth were petty nobles of that class so common in Germany, where every possessor of a few acres, or lord of a paltry village, dignified his name with an hereditary *von*. They are said for generations to have been employed in

the service of the crown of Germany, whence we infer that they belonged to the rank of gentry, and looked down with due scorn upon the engagements of commerce; yet their genteel flunkeydom found the parents of Cornelius at the birth of their boy in possession of but slender resources for the maintenance of their dignity. They appear to have been just able to live in the city on the narrow patrimony which still remained in the family, and to give their son an education at the university of the place. Whatever the proceeds of the official employment of the father, it must be understood that the emperor was impoverished, and that stipends were in consequence everywhere cut down, and very irregularly paid: a gush came every now and then, like the spurt of a Geyser, but anon there was a long interval of rest. Be this as it might in the particular case before us, as gentlemen always appreciate the worth of education, the lord of Nettesheim secured the best education he could afford for the heir of his house and hopes.

Cologne furnished certain advantages in favour of his object. Its university had been established with some *éclat* for about a hundred years; the city swarmed with ecclesiastics of all grades—persons always reckoned among the learned classes of society. Here was the intellectual stir occasioned by the intercourse of traffic, and a large number of nobility and others in official residence within the walls. We must add, too, that for a score of years before the birth of Agrippa, the printing-press had been intensely busy in Cologne under the care of Ulric Zell, having issued in the course of thirty-seven years, namely from A.D. 1463 to 1500, as many as five hundred and thirty different publications whose titles are known. Amid such appurtenances and stimulants of study, a man of even narrow capacity could scarce fail of picking up a sufficiency of intellectual furniture for the uses of life, while a bright man was sure to have his wits polished to a rather superlative degree of phosphorescence. Agrippa was of this latter description, and he left the university and his father's house to enter the emperor's service ere he was twenty years of age, equipped with an unusual share of understanding and parts (for nature had been liberal in her gifts), as well as of gentlemanly accomplishments and learned acquisition. As a mere linguist, Naudé reports, a hundred years afterwards, that he spoke familiarly eight languages.

Of his position in connexion with the court we know nothing beyond the bare fact that some such connexion existed, told in the fewest possible terms in one of his own letters: *Maximiliano a primâ ætate destinatus aliquandiu illi a minoribus secretis fui*. From this the natural conclusion would be that drawn by Mr. Morley, that Agrippa had actually been under Maximilian's eye

in Maximilian's closet—a kind of privy secretary, entrusted with court secrets, and employed in imperial intrigue before leaving for Paris. We think the whole course of the history rather implies that only after his residence at Paris did Agrippa find his way to Vienna, into the presence and employment of Maximilian.

Be all this as it may, at Paris we find him in the year of grace 1506, intimate with the students of the university, and looked upon as an oracle of learning and a leader of enterprise by the more adventurous of the young pundits. His age was at this time exactly twenty years, and no more. Among his acquaintance there was one lord of Gerona, a Spaniard of Catalonia, whom the troubles of his native province had driven from the country. He looked to the emperor of Germany for restitution of his patrimony, and with the emperor's connivance engaged in an enterprise to recover it of a desperate and questionable character. A disputed title to the regency of Spain, occasioned by the young king's unexpected death, induced Maximilian to countenance an extravagant and dangerous adventure, such as under ordinary circumstances, or with an upright policy, he would have condemned. A footing in Catalonia secured by the agency of Gerona, the capture of a fortress or two, an armed force established there in the Austrian interest, and a possible insurrection of the province in his favour, might have an important influence in the adjustment of political questions. Agrippa was encouraged to embark in this perilous speculation, the chances of discomfiture in which were tenfold beyond those of success, and success in which would be crowned with doubtful honour, while it would contribute to tie him to an occupation—that of arms—which he detested. At a distance, the *coup* contemplated promised well, but when actually on his way to undertake the surprise and capture of Tarragona, Agrippa had many misgivings. The attempt was treasonous in its character, and his own meddling with it was gratuitous, impelled to it only by the restlessness of youth, and a passionate desire of distinction.

The enterprise, however, was in the first instance successful; the citadel was seized by stratagem, and the garrison disposed of by the sword or otherwise; but the device was only successful in the same way as the lean mouse's contrivance by the small hole into the meal barrel. How to stay with safety, or get back with honour, that is the question now, for to maintain the place against a hostile population is impossible. The captors solved the difficulty as best they could; and their best solution was a humiliating one. It was to get out of the affair and the country with a whole skin, as quickly as possible, for the Catalan

peasantry resented their intrusion, had hot tempers, were dexterous in the use of the knife, and were reputed to be not over scrupulous as to what carcass its blade should find a sheath in. So imminent was the danger of the handful of invaders, that after an ignoble durance of two months in a mountain fastness to which they had fled, they contrived to make their escape, partly through the dexterity of Cornelius, and forthwith dispersed. He betook himself to France *toute suite*, and never ventured into Spain again. This occurred in 1508, when Agrippa was twenty-two years of age. This adventure, in which he risked his life to no purpose, acted it would seem without a royal commission, expended his resources, and retired therefrom without reputation or any desirable result, may be called of Agrippa's career, BREAK-DOWN THE FIRST.

Looking out for a home and a field for exertion more congenial with his literary tastes than either courts or camps, Agrippa lingered about the south of France—Avignon, Lyons, and Autun—wherever he could meet with either learned monk, physician, or professor; holding communion with them on the subjects which lay nearest his heart. The topic which most engaged his attention was that which had received such learned illustration and popularization at the hands of the Hebraist Reuchlin, at no long period before—the Cabbala, or mystic doctrine of the Jews, expounded in his treatise “*De Verbo Mirifico*.” For scholars of an imaginative turn, such a subject as this had a double charm, in the first place, as entering into the most recondite chambers of erudition, meddling in fact with all learning—the secrets of nature and the laws of art; and, secondly, as connected both in popular supposition and in their own practice, with a singular freedom of thought and emancipation from prejudice on all subjects. In the habits of ordinary life they were doomed to a fare no richer than that of the vulgar, but in their closet, while they pursued their researches into this hidden and higher science, their food had all the proverbial zest of the “bread eaten in secret.” Agrippa had been fascinated with its sweetness, Reuchlin's book, published when Cornelius was only nine years of age, had long been his study and constant companion. His liking for it he had sedulously nursed at Paris and elsewhere in the society of men like-minded with himself. There was a kind of religiousness about this theosophy which could not fail to cast its spell over serious minds, for it chiefly concerned itself with the sacred books, and the bold but reverent discussion of the most august problems of being. That it might be perverted to unholy uses, and was so perverted, cannot be denied; that it aimed at kinds and degrees of knowledge forbidden to mortals, an unprofitable experience

has proved; nevertheless, like the search for the philosopher's stone, it has yielded results in the emancipation of the mind from the chains of prescription, and in the enthusiastic study of the original Scriptures which it induced, that more than made amends for the disappointments and follies of its votaries.

About to make another venture to establish his fortunes in the studious and scientific line, Agrippa starts with an exposition of Reuchlin's profound book before the university of the pretty Burgundian town of Dôle. His course was but a means to an end, although the selection of his own inclination, his aim being to secure to himself some position, either in court or university, through the patronage of Margaret of Austria, at that period the sovereign of Burgundy, as well as governor of the Netherlands. A clever, witty, and lively woman, well known for her bounty to learned men, this was no extravagant nor unnatural expectation, the more so as his prelections on Reuchlin were entirely successful. The senate of the university, the parliament and magistracy, the clergy and aristocracy, heard these Latin expositions of the dark science with wonder and delight, and by universal acclaim the author was dubbed doctor of divinity, and had some trifling stipend allowed him. But Agrippa had not yet gained his royal mistress's ear, her residence being at Ghent, and the reputation of his oratorical triumph had scarcely had time to travel so far. Determined, however, to make sure work of the effort to gain her attention, and bring his queenly quarry down, our scholar bethought him of a likely scheme, to write a work in praise of women, and dedicate it to the princess. The work was dashed off out-of-hand, with the title "*De Nobilitate et Præcellentiâ Fœminei Sexûs*" (On the Nobleness and Superiority of the Female Sex), but not published nor presented while in Burgundy for a reason to be shortly stated. The work is a very learned but exaggerated assertion of the superiority of women to men; every weakness—physical, mental, moral—being exalted into a merit. One can scarcely conceive such a production to be the serious accomplishment of a serious mind, its extravagant perversion of fact and argument so much resembling that grave banter which is the most pungent ridicule. Some of the items are amusing:—

"It is because she is made of purer matter that a woman, from whatever height she may look down, never turns giddy, and her eyes never have a mist before them; like the eyes of men.

"Even after death nature respects her inherent modesty, for a drowned woman floats on her face, and a drowned man upon his back.

"The noblest part of a human being is the head; but the man's head is liable to baldness,—woman is never bald.

"The man's face often is made so filthy with a most odious beard, and so covered with sordid hairs, that it is scarcely to be distinguished from the face of a wild beast; in women, on the other hand, the face always remains pure and decent."

"The gift of speech is the most excellent of human faculties. Man receives this gift from woman, from his mother or his nurse; and it is a gift bestowed upon woman herself with such liberality that the world has scarcely seen a woman who was mute. Aristotle may say that of all animals the males are stronger and wiser than the females, but St. Paul writes that '*weak things have been chosen to confound the strong.*' Adam was sublimely endowed, but woman humbled him; Samson was strong, but woman made him captive; Lot was chaste, but woman seduced him; David was religious, but woman disturbed his piety; Solomon was wise, but woman deceived him; Job was patient, and was robbed by the devil of fortune and family; ulcerated, grieved, and oppressed, nothing provoked him to anger till a woman did it, therein proving herself stronger than the devil.

"Was ever orator so good or so successful that a courtesan could not excel his powers of persuasion? What arithmetician by false calculation would know how to cheat a woman in the payment of a debt? What musician equals her in song and amenity of voice? Does not the old nurse very often beat the doctor?"

When Cornelius compounded all these truths and trash, it ought to be told that he was in love with a certain choice sample of womanhood, a young Switzer, and that she probably sat before his imagination while he sketched his portrait of female perfection. Love coloured the picture which talent at the bidding of ambition drew. It is some satisfaction to know that the young doctor of divinity gained a good wife in consequence of his lucubration, one Jane Louisa Tyssie, of Geneva, although he failed in his more remote object, that of securing such exalted patronage as was to moor the barque of his fortunes in the haven of prosperity. So far, however, all things went swimmingly—"merry as a marriage-bell," and no anticipations of evil marred the happiness of his honeymoon. But a certain celibate, in the shape of a Franciscan friar, one Catalinet, provincial of the order in Burgundy, envied his bliss, as the devil might the innocent delights of the first pair in Eden. Catalinet preached the Lent sermons before Margaret at Ghent, in the year 1510, and in these denounced the lectures of Agrippa, both on account of the matter they contained, as because they indicated such an acquaintance with the Hebrew tongue as could only be acquired by sitting at the feet of those by whom Christ was crucified—a course which he chose to consider as tantamount to a renunciation of the Christian faith. This blow completely prostrated our hopeful young courtier, our gifted

young scholar, and so recent Benedick. Without the favour of the lady-regent of the country, Dôle held out but a poor prospect of permanent provision for himself and prospectively increasing household. The bigotry and virulence of that bitter monk, who smelt heresy in every harmless speculation, and still more harmless philology, changed the whole scene for poor Agrippa, spoiled his home, and exiled his household gods, almost at the same time breaking his heart. Back to her family must his beloved go, while the husband proceeds elsewhere in search of a home to which again to bring her and her first-born son. This is BREAK-DOWN THE SECOND in our hero's unfortunate career. He had tried Spain, he had tried France, his next experiment will be made in England.

In England his stay was only of a year—leaving that country in 1511. He was attached in some civil capacity to the embassy from his august master, and while here was the guest of the learned and devout Dean Colet at Stepney. The religious side of his nature received large development during this visit, from his intercourse with this pious and excellent person, whose chief study was the Holy Scripture. Agrippa engaged, by his advice, and with his aid, in commenting upon the Epistles of St. Paul, during his stay in Stepney; and while there addressed to his adversary, Catalinet, a very Christian and temperate remonstrance on his late denunciation. Further fruit came not of his journey, except the spiritual good it may have done him; and this may probably be recorded as BREAK-DOWN THE THIRD in the eventful history of this remarkable person.

“Once more upon the waters,” but whither now? *Cedat armis toga*. The civilian's gown and the scholar's coif must give place to the uniform of camps and the din of war. Cornelius serves a stirring master, and Maximilian aims at Verona, the town promised him by the League of Cambrai, on which he had most set his heart. But lack of means to support a sufficient force in the field caused his majesty to relinquish the honour of command to one of his princes, and the same scantiness of resources reduced that insufficient force to the utmost straits and destitution. Nevertheless they bore up bravely, and with all a soldier's quickness of invention, supplied the poverty of *meum* out of the fulness of *tuum*. In that year Agrippa won his spurs upon the field of battle, being made a knight, but deplores all the while the distinction which kept him from his beloved books. In one of his after letters he wrote:—

“I was for several years, by the emperor's command, and by my calling, a soldier. I followed the camp of the emperor and king [of France]; in many conflicts gave no sluggish help; before my face went death, and I followed, the minister of death, my right hand

soaked in blood, my left dividing spoil; my belly was filled with the prey, and the way of my feet was over the corpses of the slain: so I was made forgetful of my inmost honour, and wrapped round fifteen-fold in Tartarean shade."

This to a man who had prelected at Dôle on the most recondite literature, and commented on St. Paul in the quiet suburb of Stepney, must have been gall and wormwood, and neither fame nor plunder could compensate for the self-denial. It is true he was only twenty-five, and youth in general adapts itself with ease to the varying circumstances of its lot, but our hero was a confirmed schoolman, and a brief vacation with the Muses was to him more congenial and exhilarating than ages of active occupation, or the excitement of peril and war. Even while his steps were bent towards Italy, while others thought of the laurels of renown and daring emprise, he only longed for a home amid the cloisters of some university, or the poorest cot where the wife of his youth might rejoin him with her infant son. The Council of Pisa, summoned against the interest of the pope, held out promise of withdrawal from scenes of bloodshed and violence; and with cordial promptitude does he hail the invitation of the Cardinal Santa Croce to don his frock once more, and attend the synod as a theologian. The place had other charms, for Pisa was a university town, and besides the ability Agrippa displayed in the ecclesiastical assembly, he seized the opportunity to lecture on Plato, the introductory discourse being marked with perfect acquaintance with his author. But the council was adjourned the same year, eventually broken up, and between Milan and Pavia, according to the fortunes of the war, the soldier-divine was bandied about till taken prisoner at Pavia, where he probably served with the German troops. But he was released instantly, and attached himself to the fortunes of some of the native Italian princes, the Marquis of Montferrat, and Maximilian Sforza, duke of Milan. Freed from the stigma of heretical pravity and opposition to the holy see by the indulgence of Leo X., successor to that Julius under whose ban he had lain both for his reputation of suspicious scholarship, and his participation in the Pisan council, he was now more at liberty to look after his own interests in connexion with learning. The years 1513 and 1514 are years of comparative quiet and persevering study of natural science in connexion with, or at least stimulated by, Cabalistic speculation. If it be urged that this connexion or stimulus was unworthy of Agrippa's great talents and learning, it may be replied that it is little discredit to him to have shared in the weakness of the greatest minds of his day. He could rise no

higher than the tide, and his contemporaries floated upon the same wave.

At length the wished for position seems almost within his grasp. By the favour of the Palæologi and Gonzagas, he was enabled to address the University of Pavia in exposition of the "Poemander" of Hermes Trismegistus. This book he proposed to explain theologically, philosophically, dialectically, and rhetorically, enumerating pertinent texts, authorities, examples, and experiences, and confirming the doctrine of the book by the sanction of the ecclesiastical and civil law. He formally disclaimed the heresy of any word which might drop from him in the course of his exposition, and which might be supposed contrary to the opinion of the church. As the result, he won unbounded commendation from the authorities of the university, having accumulated on his head the degrees in each faculty, of doctor of medicine, and doctor of laws. He had qualified himself by suitable acquisitions for these academic honours, and we shall find him afterwards practising both professions in consequence of his proficiency. Paid up his arrears of military stipend, and earning money by his teachings in Pavia, joined by his wife and child, and serving in the same force with his wife's father and brother, the present was one of those narrow oases of his desert life, to which it might be his rapture to return in thought in after days. With 1515, came new wars and rumours of wars, and with these the breaking up of a frugal scholar's home. The French, under Francis I., seized Pavia, and the adherents of the German emperor fled. Driven from the city, and wandering about in search of shelter, in what a strain of despairing perplexity does he write:—

"Either for our impiety, or through the usual influence of the celestial bodies, or by the providence of God, who governs all, so great a plague of arms or pestilence of soldiers is everywhere raging, that one can scarcely live secure even in hollows of the mountains. Whither, I ask, in these suspected times, shall I betake myself, with my wife and son and family, when home and household goods are gone from us at Pavia, and we have been despoiled of nearly all that we possessed, except a few things that were rescued. My spirit is sore, and my heart is disturbed within me, because the enemy has persecuted my soul, and humbled my life to the dust. I have thought over my lost substance, the money spent, the stipend gone; over no income, the dearness of everything, and the future threatening more evils than the present, and I have praised the dead rather than the living, nor have I found one to console me. But, turning back upon myself, I have reflected that wisdom is stronger than all, and have said, 'Lord! what am I that thou shouldst be mindful of me, or that thou shouldst visit me with thy

mercy?" And I have thought much concerning man during this unwelcome idleness, and in the sadness of absence from my children."

In fact, swallowed up although our philosopher was with domestic sorrows, he could not throw off his habits of study, but even in that time of sore trouble, separated from his wife and children, who were still in Pavia, he wrote, in inns and the houses of sheltering friends, his "Dialogue on Man," which has not come down to us, and the treatise on the "Triple Way of Knowing God," printed amongst his works. In this latter he expounds his theme in these terms: "The voice of God cries out of heaven, from his sacred mount, Contemplating creatures, hear the angels, listen to my Son, that ye may become just and pious." This is the threefold way of knowing God. But both this and the former essay were seasoned with a spice of theological bitterness, the protest of a soul growing more and more out of taste for those who, "never rising upwards themselves, pull heaven down to their own sphere, and standing in churches and monasteries, bar the upward way."

Speaking of the voice of God's Son as a way of learning the truth respecting God, he says:—

"If pontiffs, doctors, prelates, have not in them the spirit of divine wisdom, certainly the spirit of such men has not the light of the mind; its faith in Christ is weak, and languishes, because over the spirit the flesh dominates too much. For which cause all they as barren souls, shall be judged and condemned as impious and unjust."

An utterance more frank than prudent. All honour, however, to the man, who amid the horrors of war, and his little home in burning ruins before him, could nevertheless thus compose his mind to the task of Christian indoctrination and speculation. Whatever might be thought by the barren expositors of unfruitful truths—droning divinity professors and malignant monks—of the doctrine of his most reverent and Christian essay, Agrippa professes a profound submission to the voice of the Catholic church, and conforms habitually to its ritual and practice. He was a really good man, of scriptural views and blameless life, and it is with regret we see his attempts to establish himself in Italy rendered futile by the barbarities of war. This we must call his **BREAK-DOWN THE FOURTH.**

Retiring from the military profession in consequence of the victories of the French, Cornelius now is looking out, in 1516, for an occupation and abiding-place, and all his learned friends are exerting themselves in his favour. He was recommended to the Duke of Savoy, and negotiations for entering his service

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were continued for the space of two years: tantalizing negotiations, which ended in nothing, and which kept him from strenuously seeking employment in other directions. Nevertheless, with his wife and child, he had taken up his abode in the dominions of the dukedom at the town of Vercelli, and was probably considered in the service of that court. Geneva, the birth-place of his wife, had some attractions for his unsettled soul, but speculation as to the future was for a time cut short by Agrippa's acceptance of the office of town-advocate offered him by the corporation of Metz. In 1518, then, with his wife and son, we behold him entering this extremely ecclesiastical city, to exercise his gifts in a new position, that of advocate and law-adviser to the authorities of the place. But his theological and other studies were pursued as strenuously as ever; witness his "Disputation on Original Sin." "He who studies law," wrote he to a young lawyer at Basle, who asked his advice about his studies, "he who studies law will build up his neighbour in the state, but he who studies sacred letters will build up himself in God."

In this year he lost his father, of which event he writes:—

"I grieve most vehemently, and find but a single solace for this grief—that we must yield to the divine ordinance; for I know that God bestows upon men gifts, not indeed always pleasant, very often even of adversity, yet always useful to assist us here, or in the heavenly father-land. For God acts in accordance with his own nature, his own essence, which is wholly goodness; therefore, he ordains nothing but what is good and salutary. Nevertheless, such is my human nature, that I vehemently grieve, and the depths are stirred within me."

In Metz, Agrippa had few men of like mind with himself for associates. He was a thoughtful and serious man, in days when thought was busy amongst scholars on questions of momentous interest which came home to every bosom, and pre-eminently to those whom the commonalty look to for guidance. Lawyer and doctor, Agrippa was still more a divine, and could not shut his eyes upon the abuses which had awakened the indignation and ridicule of Erasmus, Stapulensis, Luther, and others, and he was incautious in passing gibes upon the incompetent adversaries of these worthies. He also felt called upon to take part in one of the absurd controversies of the day, in which the side he advocated would not commend him to bigoted churchmen. Stapulensis (Faber d'Etaples) had put out a book against the triple marriage of Anna, the mother of the Virgin Mary, a tradition then universally current, in which that excellent person is represented, first, as being married to Joachim, and

giving birth to the Virgin Mary; next, to Cleophas, and bearing another Mary; thirdly, to another husband, and producing a third Mary, the mother of James and John. In defence of Faber's treatise, Cornelius also published a work on the monogamy of St. Anna, in eighteen propositions, in the preface to which he declared that Faber's book is "lustrous with the authority of scripture and of reason." To this Salini, prior of the Dominicans in the town, replied; to which Cornelius issued a rejoinder, defending his eighteen propositions. The gentleness of Agrippa's former defence against a churchman forsakes him here, and though it be only in retort of corresponding treatment of himself, we cannot commend the tone and spirit of his reply. Salini probably deserved it all, for Agrippa describes his pulpit denunciations in this graphic fashion: the dog of a Thomist worried him "with mad barkings and marvellous gesticulations, with outstretched fingers, with hands cast forward and suddenly snatched back again, with grinding of the teeth, foaming, spitting, stamping, leaping, cuffing up and down, with tearing at the scalp, and gnawing at the nails." The *fraticelli*, or brotherkins, of the Dominicans, are made to look exceedingly small, while he magnifies the successes in controversy of their opponents, Reuchlin, Sebastian Brandt, Luther, Bodenstein, not forgetting Erasmus and Faber. This was bad enough in Agrippa, but he did even worse, for he had the humanity to rescue from the flames, but only after dislocation by the most cruel torture, a poor peasant's wife, falsely accused by another Dominican, Nicolas Savin, of witchcraft. Only the most strenuous efforts on the part of this noble-minded and humane advocate saved the wretched woman from death. He did succeed, but his triumph was a defeat. Every Dominican became his foe—every pulpit rang with his name, coupled with dark insinuation and vituperative epithet, except that of St. Cross, his parish church, of which a true friend, John Roger Brennon, was incumbent. The city of course became too hot to hold him; he resigned his post under the municipal council, and once more "the world is all before him where to choose his place of rest." This two years'-long experiment to establish himself in Metz, ending as it did so disastrously, may be called

BREAK-DOWN THE FIFTH. In the history of the city by the Benedictines, they dismiss him in the following pithy style: "He was driven from the town in 1520; he passed during life for a great sorcerer, and died with the reputation of being a very bad Christian." Thus history gives immortality to scandal.

Cologne, and his mother's house, was the only port of refuge open now, and thither does the little household hie—the wife, the two children, dogs, and all. But there, in 1521, a sorer

trial than all before, befel him in the loss of his beloved Louisa, of whom he wrote elsewhere: "I give innumerable thanks to the omnipotent God, who has joined me to a wife after my own heart; a maiden noble and well-mannered, young, beautiful; who lives so much in harmony with all my habits, that never was a word of scolding dropped between us; and wherein I count myself happiest of all, however our affairs change, in prosperity and adversity always alike kind to me, alike affable, constant; most just in mind and sound in council, always self-possessed." That wife so prized in life was sorely wept for when dead. By Pastor Brennon she was buried in St. Cross, at Metz; Agrippa supplying money for a worthy monument, and taking care that an annual service perpetuated her memory, and besought the repose of her soul. When all was over, he and his son betook themselves to Geneva; Cologne, a town full of spiteful ecclesiastics, holding out as little hope of rest as the inhospitable free city of Lorraine. To go to Geneva was to get nearer Savoy, and he still cherished the hope of settlement under the duke in some recognised capacity. Geneva itself, too, promised greater tolerance for free thought on church matters than he had hitherto succeeded in finding elsewhere. His freer theology, also, we may hope was deepening into more serious religion. The death of his father, wife, and one child at least, within so short a period, connected him by many ties with the world of spirits, and the atmosphere he now breathed was one impregnated with aspirations after divine communion. Religious individuals, not monastic communities, were about him here; and the influence they exercised was doubtless healthful to the soul of the bereaved physician. The Reformers exchanged communications with him as freely as if he were one of themselves; and yet, like Erasmus, while they had his sympathy and convictions, he never abandoned his mother-church. He continued to hold, until the end of life, the position from which the more strenuous and undaunted Reformers were early forced. Had his fortunes been more independent, it is possible his conduct might have been shaped differently with regard to ecclesiastical questions, but, as it was, he chose the less decided part. We only state facts, and do not pronounce opinions. He showed himself a friend of the Reformers, and the hospitality of his humble abode was tendered time after time to the preachers of the Gospel.

The year 1522 finds him doing the work of a physician in Geneva, and earning a scanty maintenance, distracted by the ever-pending, never-settled negotiations about the Court of Savoy, which had now lasted more than a year, and in dependence upon which, to use his own phrase, he had been catching

only flies, and letting the birds escape out of his net. But unwilling to defer giving his orphan boy a mother until providence should furnish a home, he married another Swiss maiden, of great excellence, and—singularly disinterested as Agrippa was in all his movements—without a dowry. She brought with her, if not a fortune, a prolific person and a fund of love, for in two years and a half from her marriage she had borne her husband three children, and entered upon a further steady course of child-bearing. This virtuous and amiable person, though of noble birth, could neither read nor write, but to make amends, she had every housewifery quality that could promise happiness to a partner.

Disappointed, after a two years' suspense, in completing the arrangement with Savoy, our friend, so sorely schooled in the discipline of disappointment, gladly transferred himself to the metropolis of Friburg, as physician to that mountain town. The salary attached to his public appointment was small, but the goodwill of the authorities and neighbours was great. In Switzerland his free spirit, too, had full play; it was in harmony with all around him, and seated in his quiet study once more, he resumed his learned labours, and was in the midst of his affectionate household, fondled pets, and respectful citizens, a comparatively happy man. His books were circulated far and wide in manuscript, for none of his works were yet printed. He was known to be diligently employed in experimenting in natural and mechanical science, and he shared in a degree of observance at home and abroad that must have been most gratifying to his spirit. But the narrowness of his income, and the rapid increase of his second family, made him listen to overtures proceeding from France. Scarcely had one year elapsed in his mountain asylum, when he treads the world's deceitful high-road again, and descends into the more congenial region of Lyons, in the position of physician to the Queen-Mother of France. The step was a false one, and disaster tracked his way from that luckless hour. In the year 1524, Agrippa being now thirty-eight years of age, became directly attached to the court of Louisa of Savoy, a vain, avaricious, and bigoted woman; he being a needy and liberal-minded man of science, the friend of those Reformers whom she thought it a religious duty to roast. A correspondent of Zwinglius could not expect much consideration from such a character; hence many slights, and a most iniquitous detention of his salary. One year rolled away without his receiving his stipend, although all the arts of intrigue were employed to enforce his right, and the queen was appealed to, personally and by her confidants, to see justice done. "Go to her," says Agrippa to a physician in

her train on the best terms with himself, "go to her, fasten upon her, seize her, ask her, conjure, compel her, torment her; add prayers, entreaties, complaints, sighs, tears, and whatever else there is by which people are stirred." With a large and needy household, in an expensive town, in a respectable position, experimenting in science at more or less expense, buying books, entertaining strangers, his situation was one of the deepest embarrassment. When he asked for money he was mocked by promises, and persons who laughed at his distresses amused themselves with his science. To certain courtiers who asked him for astrological predictions, Agrippa made the following noble reply: "Why do we trouble ourselves to know whether man's life and fortune depend upon the stars? To God, who made them and the heavens, and who cannot err, neither do wrong, may we not leave these things, content, since we are men, to attain what is within our compass, that is to say, human knowledge? But since we are also Christians, and believe in Christ, let us trust to God our Father hours and moments which are in his hand." How deeply he had drunk at the fountain of revelation, let his little work bespeak, with the title "*Dehortatio Gentilis Theologiæ*." He dedicated it to the Bishop of Trois-Châteaux, out of gratitude for that good-natured prelate's intercession for payment of Agrippa's salary. In this essay he writes: "What virtue is there—and virtue there is—in Hermes, Plato, Plotinus, Æmilius, Jamblichus, Proclus, that is not better taught by the apostles, the evangelists, and our Lord himself? Why go to those worthies before we have gone to Him who is the truth and the way?" Amid incessant labours and vexations, privation amounting to the utmost penury, and the abandonment of hope almost to the darkest despair, well might the luckless physician write to Chapelain, who had been using his best offices with the queen in his favour:—

"You see how we are played with! Think of me, fought against on every side by sorrows, by griefs, indeed, greater and more incessant than I care to write. There is no friend here to help me; all comfort me with empty words; and the court title, which should have brought me honour and profit, aggravates my hurt, by adding against me envy to contempt. Held in suspense by this continual hope, to this hour no messenger has told me whether to remain at this place, or quit it; here, therefore, I live, with my large family, as a pilgrim in a caravansery, and that in the most expensive of all towns, under a load of charges, subject to no little loss. You write that the queen will some day comply with my request; what if in the meantime I perish? Truly so slow a fortune cannot save me, mighty goddess as she is."

This was written in the second year of the dishonest holding back of his income, traceable partly to neglect or carelessness, but partly also, in all likelihood, to spite and bigotry. It had now become a serious question with the unpaid doctor whether the price at which he retained his dignity at court was not too exorbitant for his scanty resources; whether the purgatory of dismissal was not preferable to the hell of serving. The inquiry was fast becoming, with him—not how shall I be paid, but how shall I get away. Longer and longer does he continue his struggle against royal faithlessness, until at last, informed indirectly that the reason of his not being paid is that his name has been struck secretly off the pension-list, he thus vents his spleen in a private letter:—

“Take care never to address me again as councillor or queen’s physician. I detest this title. I condemn all hope it ever raised in me. I renounce all fealty I ever swore to her. She never more shall be mistress of mine, but I have resolved to think of her as some atrocious and perfidious Jezebel, if she thus heeds rather dishonest words than honest deeds.”

His sole concern, in the middle of 1527, was to get well rid of all connexion with France, and try his fortune once more in Germany. But it was as hard for him to get leave to go, as he found it impossible to secure remuneration if he stayed. At last, after a whole year of weary waiting, and living half of that time without his family at an inn in Paris, at a rate of expenditure which completely beggared the unfortunate husband and father—at last he contrived to get away to Antwerp, where his wife and following joined him in November, 1528. Those four years of bootless experimenting in France were worse than lost, and this was his most serious mishap hitherto. It was his worst, but not his last. His SIXTH BREAK-DOWN was to be followed by another, “the last scene in this strange eventful history.”

Antwerp was selected as his abode on the invitation of a friendly Augustine; and it was further recommended as being in the dominions of that Margaret of Austria, whose favour he had failed to secure at Dôle. He found and made friends in that city, and in the neighbouring towns, by the practice of his profession; was introduced favourably to the princess, and was honoured with the appointment of keeper of the archives and historiographer to the emperor, who was Charles V. His work in praise of women was now, for the first time, published, and dedicated, as intended years before, to the princess. But in the midst of the fairest promise of prosperity, his wife was taken from him by the plague in its most virulent form.

Poor soul ! the last gleam of happiness and temporal prosperity went out with the extinction of that "light of his eyes." The composition of official histories, and the superintendence of the publication of his works, both of them expensive and troublesome operations, became now (1530) his main care. Doomed to nothing but disappointment, while depending on the great, his salary remains unpaid in his new connexion as well as in the old. His treatise on the "Vanity of Sciences," a kind of slur on all knowledge and professions, a recantation of his own whole life, and a misanthropic satire on men and their manners, made its appearance at this period. It clenched his ruin. Indiscriminate in its reprobation of pretension, folly, and wrong, it made enemies in all professions and quarters. With the courts of princes, the colleges of professors, the cloisters of cenobites, he made especially free, and this, coupled with the progress of the Reformation in Germany at large, sealed his doom. His princess-patron was also just dead, whose decease he bemoaned in a graceful and learned eulogy, so that he had no one to interpose between himself and imperial neglect or sacerdotal vengeance. His book of occult sciences, "*De Philosophiâ Occultâ*," circulated widely in MS., now first saw the light : the composition, in its crude form, of a youth, the accumulation of all the intervening years, and in any case rather a summary of the opinions held upon the subject than a profession of his own belief. Of this hear his own words :—

"I confess that there are very many vain things and curious prodigies taught for the sake of ostentation in books of magic ; cast them aside as emptiness, but do not refuse to know their causes. Where I err, or have too freely spoken, pardon my youth, for I was less than a youth when I composed this work, so that I might excuse myself, and say, 'When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I had knowledge as a child ; but now that I am a man, I have put away from me childish things ;' and a great part truly of what is in this book, I have retracted in my book upon the 'Vanity and Uncertainty of Sciences.' "

Why print this, then ? Simply because others would print spurious copies of the work, to the great injury of his reputation and finances, if he did not anticipate their peculation ; to which we may add, a paternal affection, perhaps, for the first-born of his thoughts. But though he thus studiously claimed for his publication the character of a curious compilation, in which he indulged only that half-belief which is the mongrel offspring of scepticism and science, the work afforded a handle for malignity to compass his detraction, and a ground, however false, for denouncing him as a wizard, conjuror, and whatever is most

opposed to *sana fides et mores sani*. The soft and feminine side of his character, his love for dogs, was enlisted in the cause of his detractors, and his canine pets, of which he cherished almost a kennel—Monsieur, Mademoiselle, Tarot, Franza, Musa, Ciccone, Balassa—were represented as so many familiars of the magician. One was especially the agent of the devil, a black pug, which used to lie on his table, and crouching among his papers. Now if this simple fact were sufficient to condemn our learned knight, we reviewers can scarcely hope to escape like reprobation, for it is both our wont and delight to write at a large table, whereon our little Fritz protendeth himself at full length, pouring the inspiration of his love and wonder into our soul as our pen travels along the paper, out of his most expressive brown eyes. To revert to Agrippa; give a dog a bad name, and you may hang him. While the best, the most learned, independent, and generous souls were on his side, the sycophants, the sneaks, the snobs, and the snakes—a large class, who both hiss loudly and sting fatally—were against him. He is poor—he can possess no merit, said the courtiers; he does not believe in the infallibility of the church, the impeccability of divines, the impecuniosity of monks—he is the devil, said the priests. And these two large classes carried the greater part of the world with them; and the struggling scholar, the soft-hearted householder, the ingenious interrogator and interpreter of nature, the gentle soldier, who filled with love every creature on whom his shadow fell, down to the very brutes who revered in him the image of God, sunk beneath universal prejudice.

But a household misery capped his sorrow. Blissful beyond the lot of most men had been his two adventures in matrimony, but woefully otherwise his third. Himself without a partner, to his affectionate nature an intolerable privation, and his swarm of little ones without a mother, what could he do but marry again? and he took to his bosom a wretch, chosen not by the instinct of his own good heart, but presented to him by some fatality. Faithless, infamous, she drew on him the scorn of many who were glad to scoff at his fortunes where they could not allege misconduct; and he, this high-minded and virtuous hero, struggling with adversity, the admiration of the good angels, descended to become the jest of the profane buffoon, Rabelais (*Pant.* iii. 25). Agrippa is silent upon his shame, but he was divorced from his adulterous wife three years after their unfortunate union. Thus the clouds gather round his head. The ungrateful court fed him with empty air, and in vain he sought payment of his earnings. Promises had been made to him which had never been kept: at last he wished to have his appointment cancelled, on the payment of his services thus far.

But, just as before in France, he neither had liberty to leave, nor encouragement to stay. Appeal after appeal to the emperor came to be regarded, as he himself says, no more than the cry of a thirsty frog. At length he was arrested, and conveyed ignominiously through the open streets of Brussels to a gaol. Here, before his judges, by his loud reclamations against imperial malversation, he did not improve his position :—

“ Certes, if you had at heart the credit of the emperor, you would advise him otherwise, and would not let your eyes blink as they do at his avarice, as if it were not base in him to let his pensioners go ragged for lack of their pay, his nobles without salaries do suit to others for their meat, to suffer me, his historiographer, to be dragged into suits before you, and vexed with the terrors of a gaol, while I have Cæsar for my debtor; and he being passed over, you order me to beg among my friends the means of paying for what I owe. What equity is this of yours—what justice ?”

Bold but utterly unpalatable speech—scarce to be pardoned of any—well nigh incurring the penalty of death. Good is it for the name of the ruthless bigot, and avaricious glutton, Charles, that he overlooked the intemperance of Agrippa's speech, nor added the death of his ill-used servant to the abuses of his reign. A little thing would have brought to the stake one, who could write to Melancthon in this strain in 1532: “ Eternal war has arisen between me and the Louvain theologians, into which war I have been led by the boldness of truth. . . . Salute for me that unconquered heretic Martin Luther, who, as St. Paul says in the Acts, ‘ After the way which they call heresy, worships the God of his fathers.’ ”

For his published opinions in his book on the “ Vanity of the Sciences ”—on matters affecting the church—to which he pertinaciously clung in life and death, he was arraigned before the imperial parliament in Mechlin. He refused to plead guilty, or retract his assertions, at the imperial mandate; but he published an “ Apology,” which repeated and deepened his offence. At the same time the monks of Cologne fastened on his other work on the “ Occult Philosophy; ” but the archbishop was his friend, and rescued him out of their clutches. Meanwhile, driven by debt and danger, he flies from the Netherlands to Bonn with his family, to be near his powerful friend the archbishop, escape the importunity of his creditors, and to feel at greater freedom for literary occupation, and the superintendence of printers. It will be scarcely be believed, that that constrained residence in Bonn was afterwards alleged as justification of the refusal to pay him his long withheld stipend, on the plea that he was distant from the scene of his proper duties. Truly

the hangers-on of a court are, as our Scottish friends say, a *kittle cattle* to have to do with. Agrippa's long intercourse with them was a long repentance:—

“I have lived honestly, having no reason to blush for my own deeds, and little to blame in fortune, except that I was born into the service of ungrateful kings. My folly and impiety have been, I own, mostly of condemnation, in that, against the warning of the Scriptures, I have put my trust in princes. I wished to live as a philosopher, in courts where art and literature are unhonoured, unrewarded. If I am not wise, surely it is herein that I am most foolish, that I have trusted my well-being into the power of another, and, anxious and uncertain of my future, rested hope on those whose deeds I find unequal to their promises. Truly, I am ashamed now of my lack of wisdom.”

The miserable comment on his defeated hopes and aspirations—the practical retraction of all he had ever learned, boasted of, or attempted, is conveyed in these bitterly sad words:—

“I think, therefore, that in these days there is no bliss greater than ignorance, nothing safer than to teach men nothing, when almost nothing can be written at which there shall not be some to take offence; but those who teach and know nothing, or nothing but the meanest and the basest things, are far removed from this fear, from these dangers; for of little things large ruin is impossible. He who grovels cannot tumble far, while, on the contrary, he who seeks to climb the heights courts his own downfall. As pleasant, and with more safety, is the marish to the frogs—the mire to the hogs—the gloom to the bats, as the house-top to the doves, or the clear sun to the eagle. Therefore, Pythagoras in Lucian, having wandered through all shapes in his own round of metamorphoses, confesses that he enjoyed life far more when he was a frog than when he was a king and a philosopher. Which persuasion seems to me so suited to the present time, that to know nothing, and to teach nothing, yea, to differ in no respect from a beast, seems to me now the happiest and safest course; at the same time it is that which makes a man the most acceptable to those courtiers and satraps, who commonly bestow their favours upon creatures having most resemblance to themselves.”

The complaint is not new: “What hath a man of all his labour, and of the vexations of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun? For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. *This is also vanity.*”

The quiet our scholar sought in Bonn was disturbed by many a bruit diligently circulated of commerce with the devil, who certainly served his votary very scurvily, for he scarcely supplied him with bread. The year 1535 found him still in that Rhenish town, his home shattered to pieces by the last irrecoverable

shock, the divorce from a wife of scandal and disgrace. Bonn was no more a place of refuge, and he fled to neighbouring France, intending to make his way to Lyons, there to complete the publication of his works. But a sterner monarch than the emperor placed his veto on the march, for in that journey—exiled from Germany, unwelcomed in France—death arrested the course of the luckless scholar, and he perished at Grenoble, at the age of forty-nine, in the house of a stranger. The suspicion of heresy was really that which hunted him to death; the charge of sorcery furnished a popular accusation; and the black dog was the incontrovertible evidence that pronounced him a *cacodæmon*. What need of sulphur or *subpœna*—process of law or spirit from Pandemonium, when all the world could see the black dog? Ladies loving literature, and men of mind, be careful how you select your dumb associates, and above all things severally observe the Roman door-notice—CAVE CANEM.

ART. II.—RECENT ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

Travels and Researches in Chaldæa and Susiana; with an Account of Excavations at Warka, the "Erech" of Nimrod, and Shûsh, "Shushan the Palace" of Esther, in 1849—52, under the orders of Major-General Sir W. F. Williams of Kars; and also of the Assyrian Excavation Fund in 1853—4. By William Kennet Loftus, F.G.S. London: Nisbet & Co. 1857.

THE interest and importance attaching to monumental discoveries cannot be measured by their extent or number. In truth, they have opened to us an entirely new phase of history. The documents to which they give access can neither be spurious nor interpolated; the records which they make known are authenticated by the character of those to whom they owe their origin, and the period from which they date; the insight which they afford into the state of ancient society, manners, arts and sciences, is necessarily casual, indeed, but perhaps all the more valuable. For once we stand, as it were, face to face with those great monarchies which imposed their laws, and, in great part, their civilization, upon the ancient world. Without the intervention of any medium, we can hold direct converse with them. We enter their palaces and their temples—we read the inscriptions—we see the monuments of their achievements and of their culture—we discover their state-papers—we find abundant illustrations of their manners and their superstitions—we can trace the sources both of their strength and of

their weakness. Let it also be borne in mind, that important as the results already attained by these discoveries are, we can scarcely be said to have made much more than a beginning. First Egypt, then Assyria and Chaldæa, have yielded their buried historical treasures to the intelligence, zeal, and enterprise of modern explorers. But a very superficial knowledge of what has been done, and of what yet remains to be done, will convince every one that a wide field is still left open for future explorers. Nor do we despair of seeing discoveries similar in their character, and perhaps even greater in their importance, in other lands. Reasoning from what has been done to what may yet be accomplished, we confess that our anticipations of discoveries of inscriptions, or of monuments illustrating the history and manners of ancient nations, are sanguine. Hitherto these investigations have especially thrown light on Scriptural records and events. It seems as if these long-buried witnesses were to have been the first raised. They had slept under the dust of centuries—preserved by their very desolation—till the general culture of Christendom, and especially the state of philological and historical inquiry, rendered their testimony intelligible. The two great monarchies hostile to Israel, both as a commonwealth and as a witness for God, have been called from the dead to confirm the historical reality of those writings which it was one of Israel's great purposes to preserve and to hand down. It is well known how thoroughly their independent testimony bears out the records of the Bible. We shall not wonder if "the stones" in the land of Israel shall next "cry out;" and from the ruin of many generations, from these long desolations, evidences the most clear and convincing shall be brought forth. Step by step, as inquiry and science have hitherto progressed, they have thrown only light on, and brought confirmation to, the Bible. We anticipate yet fresh accessions; and we cherish the hope that the investigations so successfully carried on in Assyria, may in due time yield similar results in Judæa, in Samaria, and in Galilee.

Among the successful explorers in Assyria, Mr. Loftus deservedly ranks high both for zeal and perseverance. True, his merit consists chiefly in mere discovery; the interpretation, the historical estimate of his discoveries, he generally leaves to others. But even this is invaluable, and requires considerable qualities of mind, as well as firmness and prudence. To penetrate where no European had formerly been,—to carry on lengthened excavations amid a bigoted and hostile population, and with only the help of those whose prejudices or cupidity form a continual obstacle and difficulty,—to bring such investigations to a successful issue, and to enrich his country and Europe with

their fruits, are not mean achievements, and for these we gladly assign to him the meed of due praise.

The investigations, of which this volume communicates to us the results, were commenced by Mr. Loftus when attached as geologist to the British Expedition under Colonel, now General, Sir William Williams, dispatched to settle, in 1849-52, in conjunction with Russian, Turkish, and Persian commissioners, the disputed line of frontier between Turkey and Persia. The Assyrian Excavation Fund next furnished the means for these explorations. Starting under advantageous circumstances, and but little interrupted in his labours, Mr. Loftus was able to add much to our store of Assyrian and Chaldean knowledge. Most of his discoveries have in some shape or other been previously made known to the public; but they are now set before us in detail, and in chronological order. At the same time the account of his observations and travels in regions into which he was the first European traveller to penetrate, with all the adventures and incidents of such an undertaking, lend the book all the charm of a personal narrative. Many of our readers are probably acquainted, more or less, both with the *locale* and the history of Assyrian discoveries. Still, and at the risk of reiterating what may be known to them from other sources, we will follow Mr. Loftus in the account of his adventures and undertakings.

Starting from the shores of the Bosphorus early in March, our traveller joined the British Commission at Mosul on the 5th of April. Thence the whole party leisurely sailed down the Tigris to Bághdád, visiting by the way the various points of interest. Beautifully situated amid groves of date and pomegranate trees, the ancient city of the khalifs has, like most Eastern cities, lost its former splendour under the rule of incompetent and rapacious pashas. On their arrival our commissioners found that the summer must intervene before they could repair to their destination. Instead of wasting their time in Bághdád, they very wisely resolved to employ the interval in visiting "the ruins of Babylon and the celebrated Persian shrines." Between Bághdád and their first point of exploration stretches for about fifty miles a barren desert tract, the monotony of which is occasionally interrupted by large kháns for the accommodation of travellers. The time was when these plains, intersected by canals and water-courses, presented all the luxuriance of a "well-watered garden," and sustained a teeming population. One of the four main arteries which supplied Babylonia with the waters of the Euphrates, still traceable by a slight depression, passed here. The desolation of Babylon itself presents not a greater contrast with its former grandeur than does the

barrenness of these plains with their former fruitfulness. The ruins of the city have been frequently described. We only note that, after having examined them on four different occasions, Mr. Loftus expresses his conviction that it is utterly impossible to identify any one of the gorgeous palaces described by early historians.

While examining the ruins, the military governor of the neighbouring Hillah furnished the party with a guard, and in honour of the august visitors, treated them to an extraordinary compound of European and Asiatic amusements in the shape of military music (pieces from Donizetti, Strauss, &c.), and the performances of a celebrated dancer. The only thing remarkable about Hillah is its large number of Jewish inhabitants, whom Mr. Loftus describes as "the degraded and persecuted remnant of the ten thousand," carried away by Nebuchadnezzar—a somewhat hypothetical assertion. Six miles from Hillah is the Bîrs Nimrûd, the summit of which is crowned by the celebrated vitrified brick edifice which has so long been supposed to be the great tower of Babylon and the temple of Belus described by Herodotus. The excavations of Sir Henry Rawlinson have shown that it was the *sanctum* of a great temple rising upon six terraces, each twenty feet high and forty-two feet less horizontally than the one below it. Each story was differently coloured, according to the colour attributed by the Sabæan astrologers to the six planets. The structure dates originally from the time of Tiglath Pileser I., about 1100 B.C., and was restored by Nebuchadnezzar 504 years after the period of its foundation. From the summit of Bîrs Nimrûd an extensive view of the utter desolation around is gained. The most noticeable object in view is the vast marsh, which spreads north and west, caused by the rise of the Euphrates. Along the margin are some places of interest. Due south is the reputed tomb of Ezekiel; fifty miles beyond it glitter the golden domes of Meshed 'Alî; nearer at hand we descry Kerbella. All these places were successively visited. There is nothing peculiarly remarkable either about the town of Keffil or the reputed tomb of Ezekiel, except their dilapidation and neglect; and these can scarcely be said to be remarkable, as they are of such frequent occurrence. Meshed 'Alî, or Nedjef—the former is the name of the celebrated mosque, the latter of the town—occupies the place of the ancient Hira, so celebrated in Arab history as the birth-place of a race of Arab kings. It was also the first Christian city beyond the confines of Arabia, occupied by the Moslem host. At present it is chiefly remarkable for its gorgeous mosque, of which Mr. Loftus says that "it is all but impossible to convey to the mind of another the impression

produced" by it, and as one of the sacred cities and burying-places of the Persians. Stealing a march upon the fanaticism of the people of Nedjef, the party was enabled to penetrate, under the protection of the Turkish governor, at least into the court of this great sanctuary. Its walls are adorned from top to base with encaustic tiles, bearing most intricate and elegant patterns. Notwithstanding their brightness, the colours are so blended and softened as to make the whole appear like a rich mosaic set in silver. Each wall is divided by two tiers of blind arches. Magnificent gateways lead into this court. At three corners are minarets, of which two are in front, covered with gilt tiles, each valued at £1. The dome of the mausoleum is of the same material. The interior is said to be paved with slabs of the purest gold, and to contain innumerable utensils of unknown value. To Nedjef flock annually no less than 80,000 pilgrims, while from 5,000 to 8,000 corpses are conveyed thither from Persia and elsewhere, to be buried within its sacred precincts. The burial fee varies according to the locality, from £5 to £100, and while the bargain is making, piles of coffins are left outside the city in the burning sun to spread disease and death. Our travellers were not so successful in penetrating into the mosque of the martyred Husséyn in Kerbella. The temple is inferior in splendour to that of Meshed 'Ali, but the town is even more in repute as a burying-place than Nedjef. From Kerbella the commissioners returned to Bághdád. We leave Colonel Williams and the others to pursue their course down the river to the frontier, and follow our adventurous travellers, Messrs. Loftus and Churchill, across the Jezíreh—the tract between the Euphrates and Tigris—to Warka, and the sites of other buried cities.

To explore a new country, scarce ever visited by Europeans,—to scamper at the head of a few Bashí-Bázúks and servants across deserts,—to visit strange tribes,—to find hospitality in Bedouin tents, and withal to explore the remains of a civilization buried for centuries, was a sufficiently attractive enterprise. Dangers, which often, however, existed only in Arab imagination, had to be braved, and difficulties not a few to be overcome, but the goal was such as to reward for all trouble and danger. The inundations of the river, which convert a large part of that district into marshes, render travelling possible only in winter, and even then not without great inconvenience. Nor did friendly voices fail to represent other dangers to which the bold adventurers were exposing themselves. It had almost seemed as if their visit to the first Bedouin encampment of the Mádán Arabs was to have proved the propriety of these warnings. However, a judicious display of firmness and self-

respect, soon brought about a better state of feeling. Thence the course lay to the camp of the Affej Arabs, who occupy the great marshes which extend almost uninterruptedly to the Persian Gulf. It is impossible to state their area, but they support about 3,000 families, inhabiting villages of reed-huts, covered with thick matting. The people are very hospitable and industrious. They subsist chiefly on the rice produced in great abundance along the edges of the marsh. Communication is kept up by long and pointed boats, called *terrâdas*, twelve or fourteen feet long, and one yard wide. From this encampment our travellers visited the ruins of Niffar, which was explored in 1851 by Mr. Layard, but without any remarkable success. Sir Henry Rawlinson considers it the ancient Calneh, the true city of Belus, and the site of the tower of Babylon. He states that it bore the name of Tel Anu, from the god Anu, whom he identifies with the scriptural Noah. On these points there is manifestly a good deal of mere speculation, nor would we hold ourselves at all committed to some of the opinions, which occasionally, indeed, appear to us quite unsupported. On the road from Niffar to Warka, the party paid their *devoirs* to the Turkish pasha. His great favourite and companion was a eunuch, who had formerly been a slave, but now filled the post of councillor and buffoon to his highness. Here is a description of that personage:—

“It was impossible to guess his age, but as he sat doubled up on a carpet, covered with a huge furred cloth tunic and an enormous dark green turban, he was one of the most repulsive creatures which the eye could well encounter. His face more resembled that of the monkey tribe than anything else I can conceive. His mouth stretched nearly from ear to ear, and the latter appendages stood out from each side like those of an ass. Teeth he had none, so that his tongue, as if too large for his mouth, frequently lolled out, giving him the appearance of an idiot. His face, thin in the extreme, was puckered into a thousand wrinkles, the bones projecting, and the skin of the colour and consistency of hard leather. The whole of his features were condensed into an expression of low cunning, cupidity, cruelty, and lust, which no one could behold without shuddering. His character did not belie his appearance. He was at one time made chief over certain Khuzeyl tribes, but his conduct was such that it was found necessary to remove him. Money was his chief object, and he extorted it without scruple. When he failed by the usual means, he tried torture, and took as much delight in the sufferings of his unfortunate victims as either Nero or Caligula. His favourite punishment was to bury an offender alive, with his hands tied, leaving only his shaven head above ground, but this was smeared over with honey to attract reptiles and insects. The wretch took his pleasure in frequently going to grin and make faces at the

poor victim, who, however, without food, and under an almost vertical sun, was soon relieved by death from the tortures and atrocities he suffered."

By the way the ruins of Hammán, Tel Ede, and Múgeyer were visited and cursorily explored. The first of these places, consisting "of a series of low undulations around a great central tower, whose remarkable form cannot fail to attract attention," is as yet unexplored, but deserves the attention of future excavators. Múgeyer is in many respects one of the most interesting of the recently disinterred cities. To the labours of Mr. Taylor in that locality, historical and Biblical students are deeply indebted. The principal feature about these ruins is a large two-storied temple—the only one not wholly covered by rubbish—which is in good preservation. Here, after a good deal of disappointment, not only commemorative cylinders were discovered, but the important fact that such "were always deposited at the corners of Babylonian edifices," was ascertained. Múgeyer is regarded as Ur of the Chaldees by Sir Henry Rawlinson, who read the name Húr upon the cylinders. We cannot, however, view the proposed derivation of Hebrew from *Ibra*, a suburb of Húr, whence it is supposed Abraham had started on his journey, as otherwise than entirely imaginary. The records discovered contain memorials of a series of kings from Urukh, 2230 B.C., to Nabonides, 540 B.C., and comprising, among others, the name of Kudur-mapula, or Chedorlaomer. These invaluable discoveries at Múgeyer enable us also to dispose of an objection against the historical accuracy of the book of Daniel. The Belshazzar of Daniel is now ascertained to have been the son and fellow-regent of Nabonidus, at the time when the united armies of the Medes and Persians under Cyrus put an end to the Chaldaean monarchy.

But the discoveries of Mr. Loftus were made chiefly in Warka and Susa, and to these we must briefly call the attention of our readers. About 120 miles south-east of Babylon are enormous piles of mounds which mark the site of one of the great cities of Chaldaea. In the absence of better data, it were useless to speculate on the former name of Warka. If Múgeyer is the Ur of Abraham, it is of course impossible to maintain Sir Henry Rawlinson's former theory, that Warka represents the place whence the patriarch started on his pilgrimage, unless on the supposition that Ur was the name of a *district* which included both cities. Again, the derivation of the name *Warka*, and the attempt to identify it with the Erech of Genesis x. 10, is, to say the least, hypothetical. But whatever doubt may hang on this point, none can be entertained of its antiquity and importance. The latter, as we shall see, attaches chiefly to the fact that

Warka presents the most perfect specimens of ancient Babylonian architecture, and that, like Meshed 'Alí and Kerbella at present, it had been one of the sacred burial-cities of Chaldaea. The desolation which prevails around this forsaken abode of the dead, deserted for probably eighteen centuries, is described as greater than that of any other of the Babylonian cities. Isaiah xiii. 20, seems there literally fulfilled. The principal and most ancient of the structures at Warka, the Buwáriyya, is a tower 200 feet square, and built entirely of sun-dried bricks. The impressions on the bricks show that the edifice had originally been dedicated to the *Moon* by King Uruk, about 2230 B.C., and again repaired by Sin-shada about 1500 B.C. But a ruin much more interesting and important is that called *Wuswas*, from a negro who in search of buried gold explored the principal portion of the edifice. Part of the wall, as laid bare by Mr. Loftus, "afforded the first glimpse of Babylonian architecture." Here is a description of it:—

"At the base of the ruin a narrow terrace, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, coated with a thin layer of white plaster, runs the entire length of the façade [174 feet long, and sometimes 23 feet high]. From this, in one unbroken perpendicular line, without a single moulding, rises the main wall, which is subdivided by slight recesses $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. Nothing can be more plain, more rude, or, in fact, more unsightly than the decoration employed upon this front; but it is this very aspect, this very ugliness, which vouches for the originality of the style. It has long been a question whether the column was employed by the Babylonians as an architectural embellishment. The *Wuswas* façade settles this point beyond dispute. Upon the lower portion of the building are groups of seven half-columns repeated seven times, the rudest, perhaps, which were ever reared, but built of moulded semicircular bricks, and securely bonded to the wall."

The excavations of M. Place at Khorsábád, and those of Sir Henry Rawlinson at Birs Nimrúd, have fully established "that groups of columns and double recesses were the prevailing type of Assyrian and Babylonian external architecture." Under the reign of the Seleucidæ this gave place to Greek art, but reappeared under the Sassanians. Mr. Loftus ascribes the *Wuswas* temple to the times of Sargon or Nebuchadnezzar, about the seventh or eighth century, B.C. Two other remarkable ruins claim our attention. The one consists of a wall thirty feet long, wholly ornamented by terra-cotta cones, dipped in red or black colour, and arranged in various ornamental patterns, such as diamonds, triangles, zigzags, and stripes. The other structure was similarly ornamented with rows of vases.

"Above the foundation were a few layers of mud-bricks, superimposed on which were three rows of these vases, arranged horizon-

tally, mouths outward, and immediately above each other. This order of brick and pot work was repeated thrice, and was succeeded upwards by a mass of unbaked bricks. The vases vary in size from ten to fifteen inches in length, with a general diameter at the mouth of four inches."

We have already stated that Warka derives special interest from the fact that it was one of the sacred burial-cities of Chaldæa. For a period of probably 2,500 years were the dead carried thither, until the funeral remains reached, layer upon layer, to a depth of sixty feet. They were not *buried* in the proper sense of the word, but the coffin was laid down and left till covered up by the drifting sand. The coffins vary in form from the large vase (the Babylonian urn) to what are called "dish-cover" and "slipper-shaped" coffins. The former—more common at Múgeyer than at Warka—is very peculiar:—

"On removing the cover, the skeleton is seen reclining generally on the left side, but trussed like a fowl, the legs being drawn up and bent at the knees to fit the size of the cover. Sometimes the skull rests on the bones of the left hand, while those of the right, holding cylinders of agate or meteoric stone, and small personal ornaments, have fallen into a copper bowl in front."

The slipper-shaped coffins were of yellow clay mixed with straw, and half-baked. The bodies were admitted into them by an oval aperture, afterwards covered with a lid, which was cemented with lime mortar. The upper surface of each coffin was generally ornamented with figures, and covered with a thick glazing of rich green enamel. After considerable trouble, Mr. Loftus at last succeeded in removing one of these coffins, which is now placed in the British Museum.

Sinkara was another of the sacred burial-cities of Chaldæa, whose edifices date from various kings, such as Purna-Puriyas, Khammurabi (about 1500 B.C.), Nebuchadnezzar, and Nebonit. Here several cylinders were also recovered. But, however anxious to inform our readers of the details of these interesting discoveries, we must reserve what space is still left us for the researches of Mr. Loftus among the ruins of Susa.

The difficulties with which our explorers had to contend in Persia were much greater than those which they had encountered in Chaldæa. There, it had only been want of provisions and similar outward hindrances; here, it was the determined hostility, fanaticism, and persecution of priests and people which they had to endure. To those who are always ready to speak of the wise government and the civilization of Eastern nations, especially to those who would increase their acquaintance with Persian affairs, we would recommend attentively to

read the description here furnished, both of the cities and the people of an important province of Persia. Large commercial cities, and the remains of former grandeur, are utterly dilapidated and ruined; the higher classes in continual internecine feud with each other, the lower of the most degraded and fanatical caste. Such is the impression left on the mind of the unprejudiced explorer. Mr. Loftus and his companions had to wage a continual defensive warfare against the passions of the fanatical multitude, but thanks to British firmness, perseverance, and a firman from the Shah, they succeeded. The supposed tomb of the prophet Daniel does not claim or deserve our special attention. It is otherwise with Shushan, where Mr. Loftus had the honour of being the first to explore its ruins. Our historical records of Susa commence with King Ashur-banipal (about 650 B.C.), who conquered that province and city, and whose sculptures—the *chef d'œuvres* of Assyrian art—were discovered by Messrs. Loftus and Hormuzd Rassam, the latter one of the most meritorious, although least known, of Assyrian explorers. From the time of Cyrus, Susa became the winter-palace of the Persian kings. Darius, the son of Hystaspes, adorned it with marble structures. Xerxes—the Biblical Ahasuerus, as is generally supposed—undertook thence his expedition to Greece, and returned to it laden with the plunder of Delphi and Athens. Some idea of its magnificence and wealth may be conceived from this, that Alexander the Great found in its treasury, besides immense sums of money, £7,500,000 in ore and ingots, and purple to the value of £12,500,000! The Biblical importance of Susa is well known. There Daniel lived, and there the scenes described in the book of Esther took place. Susa continued an important place under the Parthian rule, but gradually declined and entirely disappeared soon after A.D. 709. In the days of its splendour it was chiefly as the winter, or rather spring, residence of the monarchs, that it was celebrated. During the summer months the heat renders it almost intolerable. Here is a description of its former appearance:—

“It is difficult to conceive a more imposing site than Susa, as it stood in the days of its Kayanian splendour; its great citadel and columnar edifices raising their stately heads above groves of date, konar, and lemon trees; surrounded by rich pastures and golden seas of corn, and backed by the distant snow-clad mountains. Neither Babylon nor Persepolis could compare with Susa in position, watered by her noble rivers, producing crops without irrigation, clothed with grass in spring, and within a moderate journey of a delightful summer clime. Susa vied with Babylon in the riches which the Euphrates conveyed to her stores, while Persepolis must have been inferior, both in point of commercial position and pic-

turesque appearance. Under the lee of a great mountain range, the columns of Persepolis rise like the masts of ships taking shelter from a storm, and their otherwise majestic appearance is lost in the magnitude of the huge, bare, rocky mass towering above them. Susa, on the contrary, stood on the open plain, with nothing in immediate proximity to detract from her imposing and attractive tableau."

The researches there made—for a time under the personal superintendence of General Williams—led to the discovery of a palace almost identical with that of Persepolis, but rivalling it in beauty and grandeur.

"The Great Hall of Susa consisted of several magnificent groups of columns, together having a frontage of 313 feet 9 inches, and a depth of 244 feet. These groups were arranged into a central phalanx of thirty-six columns (six rows of six each), flanked on the west, north, and east by an equal number disposed in double rows of six each, and distant from them 64 feet 2 inches."

Mr. Loftus rightly holds that the habitable portion of the palace "stood on the south, and immediately behind the columnar hall." The great colonnade he supposes to have been the reception-room of the king, surrounded by fountains and gardens, where Ahasuerus gave the feast which cost Vashti her crown. However startling it may appear to find oneself face to face with these events, and to hear the report of one who had actually excavated this palace, it is none the less real or important to the Biblical student. In Susa, a large number of interesting objects, especially a collection of statuettes of the Assyrian Venus, were also discovered. Among these interesting relics, the first place belongs to a number of Egyptian vases, which had evidently been carried to Susa during the time of the Persian domination, and which bear the name of Xerxes. Nor must we omit to mention the meritorious and able attempts made by Mr. Loftus with the view of "solving the problem with reference to the determination of the Susian rivers."

We have said enough to interest our readers in this volume. Believing in the historical accuracy of the Biblical records, we rejoice, although we do not wonder, that Assyrian discoveries confirm them even in minute particulars;—sharing with all intelligent persons the interest attaching to such investigations, we are glad that one who has proved himself so enterprising, able, and successful, and at the same time so kindly and judicious in his dealings with the natives, should have been employed in them;—recognising the importance of a *Christian* tone in works of this—indeed of every—kind, we feel gratified in meeting it throughout the volume before us. Any slight

stylistic imperfections will readily be removed, mere hypotheses will by-and-bye vanish with the progress of discovery, but solid contributions such as those by Mr. Loftus are a lasting gain. We can only wish to find him soon again engaged in the work of which this volume gives so interesting a description.

ART. III.—TWO YEARS AGO.

Two Years Ago. By the Rev. C. Kingsley, F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1857.

At the pleasant town of Whitbury, in Berkshire, which once boasted forty coaches a day, and now has to be satisfied with the dreary and prosaic substitute of a single railway, once lived Mark Armsworth and Edward Thurnall; and, for anything we know, they live there still. Mark Armsworth was an important man in Whitbury. What the Duke of Wellington did, to the astonishment of all the world, in a national crisis, was done by our vigorous friend, Mark, through many a long year, without exciting any astonishment at all; for he held all the great offices of state which the little town had to bestow, being not only banker, solicitor, railway director, and land agent, but churchwarden, guardian of the poor, justice of the peace, and we know not what besides. He was a sportsman, too; and after doing all his business, and doing it well, found time to follow the hounds, to carry a gun over the neighbouring preserves of Lord Minchampstead, and to wander for hours with elastic rod and deceitful fly on the banks of the broad and silver Whit. He had a strong, rough hand, a loud tongue, and a hot, hasty temper, but as warm and generous a heart as ever beat in the breast of an Englishman. His friend, Doctor Thurnall, was the ablest of physicians, and the gentlest of men; refined, scholarly, and devoted not only to the noble science which he had chosen as his profession, but to other scientific pursuits of a kindred nature. We believe that the physicians of our provincial towns are, as a class, the most highly cultivated men, and the most perfect gentlemen, in the country; and Dr. Thurnall was no unworthy representative of his order.

Mark has a daughter who has now grown up to be a plain, but most sensible and kind-hearted, woman, but who, when we first knew anything about her, was a little weakly child, unable to walk, though already about eight years old. The doctor at that time, had two or three sons, one of them whose name was Tom,

just ten years older than Mary, a man of "the bull-terrier type so common in England," sturdy, compact, sinewy, self-reliant, and, as old Mark, with whom he was a great favourite, used to say, "standing on his legs like a game-cock." Besides his sons, the good physician had, under his care, a *protégé*, who rejoiced in the very euphonious name of John Briggs, a tall, awkward, bilious-looking lad, with handsome features, long, black curling locks, and "a highly developed Byronic turn-down collar," which seemed to those who knew him, part of his personality. It will be at once inferred that John Briggs was a genius, and that he was likely to be plagued and tormented all day long by the doctor's son, Tom. All who wish to know these friends of ours as well as we do, must buy, beg, borrow, or steal Mr. Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," in which, after his own brilliant, rapid manner, he has told the world their history. Meanwhile, we intend to sketch the outline of the story, and also to say something about Mr. Kingsley's way of telling it.

John Briggs and Tom Thurnall were both assistants to Mr. Bolus, a general practitioner in the town of Whitbury. Tom, with all his wildness and fun, did his work carefully and thoroughly, while Briggs was repeatedly guilty of making the most unfortunate blunders. At last, after sending Mark Armsworth a bottle of medicine, of the black draught genus and potency, intended for some ancient maiden lady, and sending her the cough mixture intended for Mark, poor Briggs could endure his daily drudgery and vexation no longer; he resolved to escape from the counter and the surgery, and to live the life of a genius in London. To London, therefore, he went; and after struggling for a time with the proverbial hardships of literary adventurers, succeeded in winning not only bread, but fame. He had real power, as well as intolerable vanity, and though in after days he became miserably self-indulgent, when younger he was known to publishers and editors as "a reliable man," skilful and punctual in the hack-work by which the Gibeonites of literature earn their living, as well as successful in the higher styles of writing by which the priesthood of letters earn their glory. Having renounced his old cognomen, he assumed the far pleasanter title of Elsley Vavasour; and by the reputation of his genius and the romantic charm which young ladies found in his new name, after first winning her heart, he succeeded in persuading to a run-away match Lucia St. Just, a pretty, passionate girl of eighteen, who had the honour of being sister of an Irish Viscount, and the misfortune of having an income of less than two hundred a year. For a few months they had to endure the troubles which were the just penalty of this indiscretion, and then Lucia and her husband were made happy for

a time, by the kindness of the viscount, who offered them as a residence, Penalva Court, near the little town of Aberalva, in "the good West Country;" and there for the present we must leave them.

After Briggs had vanished from Whitbury, Tom Thurnall went to Paris, and then to St. Mumpsimus's Hospital, in London, winning prizes from the examiners, and golden opinions from the students; being the hardest reader, as well as the best pistol-shot, billiard player, and boxer, of his set. Resolved to make money and to know something of the world, he went out as anatomical professor to a new college, in some South American republic; but "when he got there, he found that the annual revolution had just taken place, and that the party who had founded the college had been all shot the week before. Whereat he whistled, and started off again, no man knew whither." Letters came from him to his good old father at Whitbury, from all parts of the world, often containing valuable scientific notes and specimens, and always indicating that Tom had a merry heart and was prospering. After two years, however, there was a dreary silence; months passed by, and brought no tidings; when one fine morning, about four years after he had started for South America, he walked into his father's house, with his carpet bag on his shoulder, and hung his hat up in the hall, as if he had just returned from a couple of days' visit to the county town. Strange adventures had he gone through, which we have no time to relate, but we must find room for the following extract from a conversation which Tom and his "daddy," Mark and Mary, had together, over the fire, a few days after he had come home:—

"'Now you are going to stay at home?' asked the doctor.

"'Well, if you'll take me in, daddy, I'll send for my traps from London, and stay a month or so.'

"'A month?' cried the forlorn father.

"'Well, daddy, you see, there is a chance of more fighting in Mexico, and I shall see such practice there, besides meeting old friends who were with me in Texas. And—and I've got a little commission, too, down in Georgia, that I should like to go and do.'

"'What is that?'

"'Well,—it's a long story, and a sad one; but there was a poor Yankee surgeon with the army in Circassia—a Southerner, and a very good fellow; and he had taken a fancy to some coloured girl at home—poor fellow, he used to go half mad about her sometimes, when he was talking to me, for fear she should have been sold—sent to the New Orleans market, or some other devilry; and what could I say to comfort him? Well, he got his mittimus by one of Schamyl's bullets, and when he was dying, he made me promise (I hadn't the heart to refuse) to take all his savings, which he had been hoarding

for years for no other purpose, and see if I couldn't buy the girl, and get her away to Canada. I was a fool for promising. It was no concern of mine; but the poor fellow wouldn't die in peace else. So what must be, must.'

"'Oh, go! go!' said Mary. 'You will let him go, Dr. Thurnall, and see the poor girl free? Think how dreadful it must be to be a slave.'

"'I will, my little Miss Mary; and for more reasons than you think of. Little do you know how dreadful it is to be a slave.'

"'Hum!' said Mark Armsworth. 'That's a queer story, Tom; have you got the poor fellow's money? Didn't lose it when you were taken by those Tartars?'

"'Not I. I wasn't so green as to carry it with me. It ought to have been in England six months ago. My only fear is, it's not enough.'

"'Hum!' said Mark. 'How much do you think you'll want?'

"'Heaven knows. There is a thousand dollars; but if she be half as beautiful as poor Wyse used to swear she was, I may want more than double that.'

"'If you do, pay it, and I'll pay you again. No, by George!' said Mark, 'no one shall say that while Mark Armsworth had a balance at his banker's, he let a poor girl—' and recollecting Mary's presence, he finished his sentence by sundry stamps and thumps on the table."—P. 24.

After a month at home, Tom started for America, executed his commission, and then came letters from New York, from California, and at last from Australia, where he was working with thousands more at the gold diggings of Ballarat. Tidings reached him there, under which his strong nature for a time gave way; his brother Willy was dead, his father was blind. We believe that many a hard, stoical, irreligious man has sometimes felt what came upon poor Tom in the forest, after reading the letter which informed him of these troubles.

"He looked up. The sun was setting. Beneath the dark roof of evergreens the eucalyptus boles stood out, like basalt pillars, black against a back-ground of burning flame. The flying foxes shot from tree to tree, and moths as big as sparrows whirled about the trunks, one moment black against the glare beyond, and vanishing the next, like imps of darkness, into their native gloom. There was no sound of living thing around, save the ghastly rattle of the dead bark-tassels which swung from every tree, and, far away, the faint clicking of the diggers at their work, like the rustle of a gigantic ant-hill. Was there one among them all who cared for him? Who would not forget him in a week, with—'Well, he was pleasant company, poor fellow!'—and go on digging without a sigh? What if it were his fate to die, as he had seen many a stronger man, there in that lonely wilderness, and sleep for ever, unhonoured and unknown, beneath

that awful forest-roof, while his father looked for bread to others' hands?

"No man was less sentimental, no man less superstitious, than Thomas Thurnall; but crushed and softened—all but terrified (as who would not have been?)—by that day's news, he could not struggle against the weight of loneliness which fell upon him. For the first and last time, perhaps, in his life, he felt fear—a vague, awful dread of unseen and inevitable possibilities. Why should not calamity fall on him, wave after wave? Was it not falling on him already? Why should he not grow sick to-morrow—break his leg—his neck—why not? What guarantee had he in earth or heaven that he might not be 'snuffed out silently,' as he had seen hundreds already, and die and leave no sign? And there sprung up in him at once the intensest yearning after his father and the haunts of his boyhood, and the wildest dread that he should never see them. Might not his father be dead ere he could return?—if ever he did return. That twelve thousand miles of sea looked to him a gulf impassable. Oh, that he were safe at home! that he could start that moment! And for one minute a helplessness, as of a lost child, came over him.

"Perhaps it had been well for him had he given that feeling vent, and, confessing himself a lost child, cried out of the darkness to a Father; but the next minute he had dashed it proudly away."—P. 37.

A few months after this, the south-west coast of England was visited by a terrible storm. A fine Australian vessel, full of emigrants returning to the land of their fathers, is driving up the channel before a furious gale, the captain fancying they had plenty of sea-room, and expecting "to see Brest harbour to-morrow." Suddenly, at the dead of night, in a tremendous tempest of rain and wind, the good ship is on the rocks, about three hundred yards from shore. All Aberalva is immediately on the beach: the coast-guard lieutenant, old Captain Willis, and a score of rough, strong, daring seamen; Frank Headley, the new curate, Grace Harvey, the schoolmistress, and Vavasour the poet, who has come down to make capital of the wreck. And very sad were the hearts of the brave people when, after they have done their best, life is rescued and the ship herself disappears under the roaring, restless waste of waters.

"'It arn't the men I care for,' says gentleman Jan, one of the noblest of the hardy fellows, 'they're gone to heaven like all brave sailors do as dies by wrack and battle; but the poor dear ship, d'ye see, Captain Willis; she han't no heaven to go to, and that's why I feels for her so.'"

As soon as the vessel broke up, Vavasour went off home to dash down his fancies while the fury of the scene was still upon him; the rest sat still on the shore in the rain and the wind, too sad and anxious to think of sleep. As they sit there, Grace

Harvey suddenly springs to her feet, screaming: "A man! a man! save him!" and a wretched, helpless-looking fellow is driven within thirty yards of their feet by a huge wave; and as the waters drain back he is left clinging with outspread arms to a slippery rock; but between him and them there stretches a long, yawning chasm, ten feet wide, near to which not the most courageous dared to venture when the sea was rushing so furiously over it. In a moment another wave has come.

"Up the slope it swept, one half of it burying the wretched mariner, and fell over into the chasm. The other half rushed up the chasm itself and spouted forth again to the moonlight in columns of snow, in time to meet the wave from which it had just parted, as it fell from above; and then the two boiled up, and round, and over, and swirled along the smooth rock to their very feet.

"The schoolmistress took one long look, and, as the wave retired, rushed after it to the very brink of the chasm, and flung herself on her knees.

"'She's 'mazed!'

"'No, she's not!' almost screamed old Willis, in mingled pride and terror, as he rushed after her. 'The wave has carried him across the crack, and she's got him!' And he sprang upon her and caught her round the waist.

"'Now, if you be men!' shouted he, as the rest hurried down.

"'Now, if you be men, before the next wave comes!' shouted big Jan. 'Hands together and make a line!' And he took a grip with one hand of the old man's waistband, and held out the other hand for who would to seize.

"Who took it? Frank Headly the curate, who had been watching all sadly apart, longing to do something which no one could mistake.

"'Be you man enough?' asked big Jan, doubtfully.

"'Try,' said Frank.

"'Really you ben't, sir,' said Jan, civilly enough. 'Means no offence, sir; your heart's stout enough, I see; but you don't know what it'll be.' And he caught the hand of a huge fellow next him, while Frank shrank sadly back into the darkness.

"Strong hand after hand was clasped, and strong knee after knee dropped almost to the rock, to meet the coming rush of water; and all who knew their business took a long breath—they might have need of one. It came, and surged over the man and the girl, and up to old Willis's throat, and round the knees of Jan and his neighbour; and then followed the returning out-draught, and every limb quivered with the strain; but when the cataract had disappeared, the chain was still unbroken.

"'Saved!' and a cheer broke from all lips, save those of the girl herself: she was as senseless as he whom she had saved. They hurried her and him up the rock ere another wave could come; but they had much ado to open her hands, so firmly clenched together were they round his waist.

"Gently they lifted each, and laid them on the rock, while old Willis, having recovered his breath, set to work, crying like a child, to restore breath to 'his maiden.'"—P. 88.

Poor Tom, for it is he who has been washed on shore in this wonderful way and saved by a more wonderful heroism, is carried up to Dr. Heale's, and next morning he is almost himself again, his great trouble being that a certain belt in which he had packed away his Australian earnings, amounting to fifteen hundred pounds, has disappeared. He had it round him when the ship struck; how could it have been lost? He resolved to stay at Aberalva till he learned something about it. Accordingly, he let old Dr. Heale know that he intended to become his assistant; the old man was obliged to consent, and by his medical skill, and universal tact and cleverness, Tom became, before long, the most popular man in the village.

He soon found out that the most unpopular man there was the curate; and many a dissenting minister, as well as high-church clergyman, may find wisdom in poor Frank Headley's early failure in his spiritual work and ultimate success. He had come down to Aberalva with boundless faith in his church system, honestly devoted to the glorious ideal of an ecclesiastical constitution, founded by inspired apostles, and governed by a long succession of bishops, illustrious many of them for their learning, many for their holiness, many for their courageous vindication of the rights of the church against the ambitious tyranny of wicked princes, many for their crown of martyrdom, and all for their uninterrupted inheritance of lofty and mysterious spiritual powers, in virtue of which they were the acknowledged representatives of heaven on earth, and the efficient mediators between earth and heaven;—a constitution which had been loved and venerated by the most saintly of mankind, and had been the rest and the home of thousands of troubled and wearied souls who had sought in vain for peace elsewhere;—not the mean device of some obscure sect, but national by virtue of its essential principles, and endowed with ancient and immortal glory;—not the scheme of some petty modern school of ignorant and self-confident divines, but venerable for its antiquity, awful in its prerogatives, catholic in its breadth, and resistless in its might.

Never dream that the history of Puseyism and of high-church principles can be explained by anybody who has witnessed the popish mummeries celebrated by some effeminate-looking curate in a suburban church; such creatures as he did little enough towards filling Europe with the strange intelligence that England was beginning to worship the beast again, and was willing

to receive his mark in her forehead. Frank was a man of another sort. He believed with all his soul and strength in his splendid fancy of an episcopal church founded by the apostles, and inheriting tremendous and inalienable responsibilities, prerogatives, and powers. The long procession of bishops, martyrs, and saints, by whom in dark and adverse days the cause of the true church had been maintained, floated continually before the vision of his enthusiastic soul; and he determined to be their humble follower. A year or two before our story introduces him to us, he had gone down to Aberalva with the resolute purpose of constraining the simple people to share his own fervour, and he had utterly failed. The reason is not far to seek. He had put the means before the end; had cared more about the way in which people served God than about the service itself; more, in short, about what he thought the divine form of the religious life than about what even he believed to be the diviner substance underneath. Grace Harvey was schoolmistress, and exercised a most beneficial influence over all the village; but her mother was a prominent dissenter, and Grace herself often went to the conventicle; so he resolved to dismiss her, and to teach the children himself, not being able to afford out of his wretched salary to pay a regularly qualified teacher. Some hint of this had got out, and completed his unpopularity. His courage on the night of the wreck, however, opened the hearts of the people to him for the first time; Tom Thurnall's common sense enlightened him a little about his mistakes; and then came a terrible visitation of cholera, in which his nobleness and daring gathered to him the love and admiration of the whole population. He learned that a priest must be a man as well as a priest, or men will not feel the power of his teaching; that the forms of religion are worthless compared with religion itself, and that whoever does not believe this, and practically act on the belief, will repel men from the church instead of conciliating them.

Tom's advice to Frank had more sense in it, we venture to say, than many an "ordination charge." We give it for the special benefit of our ministerial readers. Tom wanted Headley to talk to Vavasour about his ill-temper towards his wife, and the curate felt unwilling to attempt so unpleasant a duty; in the course of their conversation the medical doctor says to the doctor of souls:—

“The fault of your cloth seems to me to be that they apply their medicines without deigning, most of them, to take the least diagnosis of the case. How could I cure a man without first examining what was the matter with him? . . . You wouldn't say that what was the

matter with old Heale (who was fond of the brandy bottle), was the matter also with Vavasour?’

“‘I believe from my heart it is.’

“‘Humph! then you know the symptoms of his complaint?’

“‘I know that he never comes to church.’

“‘Nothing more? I am really speaking in confidence. You surely have heard of disagreements between him and Mrs. Vavasour?’

“‘Never, I assure you; you shock me.’

“‘I am exceedingly sorry, then, that I said a word about it; but the whole parish talks of it,’ answered Tom, who was surprised at this fresh proof of the little confidence which Aberalva put in their parson.

“‘Ah!’ said Frank, sadly, ‘I am the last person in the parish to hear any news; but this is very distressing.’

“‘Very to me. My honour, to tell you the truth, as a medical man, is concerned in the matter; for she is growing quite ill from unhappiness, and I cannot cure her; so I come to you, as soul-doctor, to do what I, the body-doctor, cannot.’

“Frank sat pondering for a minute, and then—

“‘You set me on a task for which I am as little fit as any man, by your own showing. What do I know of disagreements between man and wife? And one has a delicacy about offering her comfort. She must bestow her confidence on me before I can use it; while he—’

“‘While he, as the cause of the disease, is what you ought to treat; and not her unhappiness, which is only a symptom of it.’

“‘Spoken like a wise doctor; but, to tell you the truth, Thurnall, I have no influence over Mr. Vavasour, and see no means of getting any. If he recognised my authority, as his parish-priest, then I should see my way. Let him be as bad as he might, I should have a fixed point from which to work; but with his free-thinking notions, I know well—one can judge it too easily from his poems—he would look on me as a pedant, assuming a spiritual tyranny to which I have no claim.’

“Tom sat awile nursing his knee, and then—

“‘If you saw a man fallen into the water, what do you think would be the shortest way to prove to him that you had authority from heaven to pull him out? Do you give it up? Pulling him out, would it not be, without more ado?’

“‘I should be happy enough to pull poor Vavasour out, if he would let me. But till he believes that I can do it, how can I even begin?’

“‘How can you expect him to believe, if he has no proof?’

“‘There are proofs enough in the Bible and elsewhere, if he will but accept them. If he refuses to examine into the credentials, the fault is his, not mine. I really do not wish to be hard; but would not you do the same, if any one refused to employ you, because he chose to deny that you were a legally qualified practitioner?’

“‘Not so badly put; but what should I do in that case? Go on quietly curing his neighbours, till he began to alter his mind as to my qualifications, and came in to be cured himself. But here’s this difference between you and me; I am not bound to attend any-

one who don't send for me; while you think that you are, and carry the notion a little too far, for I expect you to kill yourself by it some day.'

"'Well,' said Frank, with something of that lazy, Oxford tone, which is intended to save the speaker the trouble of giving his arguments when he has already made up his mind, or thinks that he has so done.

"'Well, if I thought myself bound to doctor the man willy-nilly, as you do, I would certainly go to him, and show him, at least, that I understood his complaint. That would be the first step towards his letting me cure him. How else on earth do you fancy that Paul cured those Corinthians about whom I have been reading lately?'

"'Are you, too, going to quote Scripture against me? I am glad to find that your studies extend to St. Paul.'

"'To tell you the truth, your sermon last Sunday puzzled me. I could not comprehend (on your showing) how Paul got that wonderful influence over those pagans which he evidently had; and, as how to get influence is a very favourite study of mine, I borrowed the book when I went home, and read for myself; and the matter at last seemed clear enough, on Paul's own showing.'

"'I don't doubt that; but I suspect your interpretation of the fact and mine would not agree.'

"'Mine is simple enough; he says, what proved him to be an apostle was his power. He is continually appealing to his power; and what can he mean by that, but that he could do, and had done, what he professed to do? He promised to make those poor heathen rascals of Greeks better, and wiser, and happier men; and, I suppose he made them so; and then there was no doubt of his commission, or his authority, or anything else. He says, himself, he did not require any credentials, for they were his credentials read and known of everyone; he had made good men of them out of bad ones, and that was proof enough whose apostle he was.'

"'Well,' said Frank, half sadly, 'I might say a great deal, of course, on the other side of the question, but I prefer hearing what you laymen think about it all.'

"'Will you be angry if I tell you honestly?'

"'Did you ever find me angry at anything you said?'

"'No; I will do you the justice to say that. Well, what we laymen say is this. If the parsons have the authority of which they boast, why don't they use it? If they have commission to make bad people good, they must have power too; for He whose commission they claim, is not likely, I should suppose, to set a man to do what he cannot do.'

"'And we can do it, if people would but submit to us. It all comes round again to the same point.'

"'So it does. How to get them to listen. I tried to find out how Paul achieved the first step; and when I looked he told me plainly enough. By becoming all things to all men; by showing these people that he understood them, and knew what was the matter with them. Now do you go and do likewise by Vavasour, and then

exercise your authority like a practical man. If you have power to bind and loose, as you told us last Sunday, bind that fellow's ungovernable temper, and loose him from the real slavery which he is in, to his miserable conceit and self-indulgence; and then if he does not believe in your sacerdotal power, he is even a greater fool than I take him for.'

"'Honestly, I will try; God help me!'" added Frank, in a lower voice; 'but as for quarrels between man and wife, as I told you, no one understands them less than I.'

"'Then marry a wife yourself, and quarrel a little with her for experiment, and then you'll know all about it.'

"Frank laughed in spite of himself.

"'Thank you. No man is less likely to try that experiment than I.'

"'Hum!'

"'I have quite enough cares as a bachelor to distract me from my work, without adding to them those of a wife and family, and those little home-lessons in the frailty of human nature, in which you advise me to copy Mr. Vavasour.'

"'And so,' said Tom, 'having to doctor human beings, nineteen-twentieths of whom are married; and being aware that three parts of the miseries of human life come either from wanting to be married, or from married cares and troubles, you think that you will improve your chance of doctoring your flock rightly by avoiding carefully the least practical acquaintance with the chief cause of their disease.'

"Philosophical and logical, truly!"—P. 289.

We mentioned, just now, Frank Headley's intention to eject Grace Harvey, the schismatic schoolmistress; the alarm he felt on account of her formidable influence, and the heroism she exhibited on the night of the wreck, may have excited, perhaps, some wish to know more about her; and as she fills a very prominent position in Mr. Kingsley's book, and had very much to do in determining the character and history of some of the most prominent of his heroes, we must find room for a rough chalk-sketch of her in our gallery of portraits, whether we have already awakened any interest in her or not.

And could we, indeed, let our readers look upon the roughest outline of her lovely face, we think that the beautiful vision would often return to them as it did to Tom Thurnall.' But she had more than physical beauty. She was one of those thoughtful, refined women to be met with occasionally among the poorer people, whose devoutness, purity, and intelligence, strength of character, depth of feeling, gentleness and vigour, would have given them power over the hearts of all who knew them, in whatever rank they had been born; but whose innate nobleness is more readily appreciated and more loyally honoured by the poor than it would have been by the rich. The courtesies and

culture of the higher ranks do much to reduce the most various degrees of power and virtue to one level in ordinary social intercourse. It is not so among the poor. Among them men pass more commonly for what they are worth. No elaborate workmanship makes the worthless alloy look almost as precious as the virgin gold. The principle holds true of mere personal beauty; there is a marked and manifest distinction between a beautiful and a plain girl who are at work together in a cotton mill, or gleaning in a harvest field; but at a fashionable ball, costliness and tastefulness of dress, and the grace of movement which most may acquire more or less perfectly from constant association with refined and cultivated people, while they add something to the face and figure of the woman who would be beautiful without them, add very much more to her who possesses no natural attractions. The mutual dependence of the poor, too, multiplies the opportunities for the strong manifestation of interior worth; what hired servants do for the wealthy is done for the poor by unselfish neighbours and generous friends. Hence, there is a more accurate adjustment of position and influence, according to personal excellence and power, among the working people than among their betters; and Grace came to be the uncrowned queen of Abergalva. Her religion was a main element of her strength. It was remarkable, not only for its practical vigour, but for its imaginativeness and enthusiasm, too. She belonged to a sect which attaches peculiar value to the excitement of the religious affections, and while she did not share their pernicious follies, her nature had too much wildness of its own not to catch something of their fervour. On one subject her excitement became almost insanity; she had lost a younger brother and a playmate by drowning, and the sorrow of the loss, combined with anxiety about their eternal happiness, had driven her nearly mad. Mr. Kingsley, we think, would have his readers suppose, that the doctrine of future punishment is not believed at all by those who profess to hold it, or, that if it is, the moral effects must be most disastrous. We think that an honest study of the New Testament would have led him to see, that whatever other doctrine our inclination may dispose us to prefer, Christ and his apostles place before the world a choice between absolute blessedness on the one hand, and absolute woe on the other; and further, that a deep acquaintance with human nature justifies the presentation of this terrible alternative, by its unique and peculiar moral power over the heart and conscience of the great mass of mankind. Mr. Kingsley seizes several opportunities to introduce his opinions on this point: we must be content with a passing protest.

Tom's rescue from shipwreck brought a new sorrow to Grace.

She was the only person to whose hands he could trace his belt ; and he did not scruple to let her know the suspicions which circumstances compelled him to entertain. She loved him with all the energy of her passionate nature, though she never dreamt of a gentleman like Tom making her his wife ; and it was anguish to be suspected of having robbed him. Tom loved her, too, and thought of marrying her ; but he very naturally felt it would be a satisfaction to be sure first that she was no thief. He was incessantly looking for his belt, under the cover of polypus hunting ; she began to suspect her mother, (the class-leader !) and found it more dreadful to suspect her than to be suspected herself. The cholera came ; and Tom, Frank, and Grace worked together like demi-gods, till Frank gave proofs of mortal weakness by sinking under the terrible disease. When the attack was over he had to be carried off by the master of Penalva Court, Lord Scoutbush, to Wales, where Vavasour and all his family were already settled. Tom began to get restless when he had seen the last of the cholera, thought he should make a fool of himself with the schoolmistress if he stayed near her much longer (poor fellow ! he had done it already) ; and was thrown into ecstasies by an offer which came to him through Lord Minchampstead, of government employment in the East, requiring great daring, adroitness, and self-reliance. To the East he went—his belt still unfound.

But we have anticipated the progress of the story by some months. At Beddgelert, where a large party of our friends have been staying during the cholera, sad mischief has been brewing. Poor Vavasour, conscious of his ill-temper to his wife, and conscious, too, of how he had given her occasion to be jealous of his attentions to her brilliant sister, Valencia, who is afterwards married to the curate, was morbidly watchful of any acts of courtesy performed to her by others, and became a madman if she appeared to be gratified by them. We shall not weary our readers with the story of his blind rage ; let it be enough to say, that his poor little wife had an old friend, Major Campbell, who had loved her long before she knew Elsley, and had loved her far more deeply than Elsley could have loved her, or any other woman, but towards whom she cherished an affection like that which she might have felt for an elder brother or kindly guardian ; and that this friend by some slight attentions, such as any gallant gentleman would show to a lady, excited the wretched husband's suspicions. Wild with jealousy, he deserted his wife and children ; spent an awful night among the mountains ; was found at last in London, in miserable lodgings which he had occupied in earlier days, and died soon after at Whitbury with his wife, whose love for him had never failed,

TWO YEARS AGO.

weeping by his bed. Sad indeed was the life of poor John Briggs, and not without most precious teaching for men who will more readily listen to Mr. Kingsley than to graver and sterner preachers.

Tom's ambition received a check, but his life exhibits a pleasant contrast to the dreary history of his early companion.

Last Christmas-eve, Mr. Kingsley tells us, some friends were gathered at Whitbury, in the house of the good physician, under whose roof Grace had been living since her return from the hospitals in the East, about her visit to which we have been able to say nothing, when suddenly walked in "thin, sallow, bearded to the eyes, dressed in ragged sailor's clothes," Tom Thurnall, of whom nothing had been heard for many months. He had been shut up in prison, by a villanous khan, almost as soon as the war begun, so that his talents had been lost, and all his bright schemes had been frustrated. Of course there was nothing for him to do but to marry Grace at once, who had found the belt, and settle down quietly at Whitbury; and when we go that way we hope to see Tom and Grace living happily together, Tom a devouter man than he used to be, and Grace with the advantages of culture added to the original nobleness of her nature. How happy must the old man be with his son safe at home, never to wander any more; and with such a daughter as Grace to tend him with her gentle and loving service!

And now, before we say anything about this pleasant book, we must ask our readers to appreciate our critical integrity in resolving to pass judgment upon it at all. If they knew the sorrows of reviewers; the hardships which we, the adventurous pioneers of literature, have to undergo, for the benefit of a sometimes ungrateful public;—if they knew into what barren wildernesses we have to venture, what steep and chilly mountains we have to climb, and into what terrible bogs we sometimes sink, while investigating, in their service, the *terra incognita* presented by every new book that issues from the too prolific press, they would marvel how we could have the heart coolly to criticize such a readable book as Mr. Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," instead of simply enjoying it. And, to tell the truth, recent wanderings over continents of literary dulness have made us

"To his virtues very kind,
And to his faults a little blind."

But we have some things to say against the book, as well as some in its favour, and both must be said.

We have a strong conviction that very many of the chapters have been written hastily, and have not had very careful revision.

Reviewers' English is proverbially slipshod; we must write as we run; but a clergyman, with a good living, who is not writing for his bread, and whose flanks are spared the spurs of an impatient editor, may take his own time, and ought to write his best. Mr. Kingsley, we are sure, has too much good sense to despise accuracy; and, when he pleases, his English is as correct as it is brilliant. If he wrote less, he would write much better.

We are astonished, too, that he should have made his introductory chapter so incomprehensible. It ought to have stood last instead of first. He intended that it should awaken a desire to know everything about the people who are brought into it; but the allusions they make to facts, of which the reader must be ignorant till he has read nearly all the book, fail to stimulate curiosity; they are simply unintelligible.

Against Mr. Kingsley's references to the doctrine of future punishment, we have already protested. Will he permit us further to suggest, that in any future stories he may write, it would be well for him to dispense with dissenting characters, unless, in the meantime, he gets to know something more about the moral principles, and the modes of thinking, which really belong to Evangelical Nonconformists. We think we know as much about dissenters as the Rector of Eversley, and we emphatically protest against the honesty of his method of treating them. Charles Kingsley ought to be superior to the prejudices of his cloth.

The social questions, incidentally raised in the course of the narrative, are very various and important. We can refer only to one, about which we have had many anxious thoughts of our own. We must be satisfied with simply giving the following extract, without any comment; it deserves to be very carefully pondered:—

“Who will help those young girls of the middle class, who, like Miss Heale, are often really less educated than the children of their parents' workmen; sedentary, luxurious, full of petty vanity, gossip, and intrigue, without work, without purpose, except that of getting married to any one who will ask them—bewildering brain and heart with novels, which, after all, one hardly grudges them; for what other means have they of learning that there is any fairer, nobler life possible, at least on earth, than that of the sordid money-getting, often the sordid puffery and adulteration, which is the atmosphere of their home?”

“Exceptions there are, in thousands, doubtless; and the families of the great City tradesmen stand, of course, on far higher ground, and are often far better educated, and more high-minded, than the fine ladies, their parents' customers. But, till some better plan of education than the boarding-school is devised for them; till our towns shall see something like in kind to, though sounder and soberer in

quality than, the high schools of America; till in country villages the ladies, who interest themselves about the poor, will recollect that the farmers' and tradesmen's daughters are just as much in want of their influence as the charity children, and will yield a far richer return for their labour, though the one need not interfere with the other; so long will England be full of Miss Heales's; fated, when they marry, to bring up sons and daughters as sordid and unwholesome as their mothers."—P. 204.

The great moral of the book, however, is to be found in the weakness and miseries of Elsley Vavasour; and the moral is enforced by the history of Stangrave, an episode which is worked very skilfully into the texture of the main plot. Stangrave is an educated American, rich, luxurious, and without any purpose in life except his own pleasure and culture. He is an admirable type of a large class of men among us; highly cultivated, refined, fastidious men, without vice, with a keen sense of personal honour; but incapable of an heroic passion, or of living for any great, practical end. Visions of moral beauty fill their imagination, but no moral strength nerves their arm, no good work gives dignity and public value to their life. Our modern worship of Art has had much to do with creating these intellectual epicureans; and until our cultivated young men see that pictures, and statues, and poems, are not the noblest things in the world, nor the worthiest objects of human study, the best work will continue to be done by the hands of men who, with less refinement, have more strength, and who, with less admiration for the beauty of virtue, have more loyalty for her authority. It is the grief of nearly all who are strenuously endeavouring to do the highest spiritual work, that they find little practical sympathy among the best cultivated people of their acquaintance, and that the few who do give help are far less reliable than men of inferior qualifications. General public business, social amelioration, political reform, are as unable to secure the hearty co-operation of these men as enterprises purely religious. It was not always thus. Even in practical England, scholarship and genius have proved themselves infinitely more capable of doing all kinds of work than self-sufficient dulness, or than mere official experience, however honest and laborious. We trust it may be so again. We trust that our younger men will get weary of polishing their armour and decorating their sword-hilts, and that they will prove that the gentlemen of England—we mean the thoroughly educated men in the country—have not lost the sinew and nerve of their fathers. We thank Mr. Kingsley for the admirable manner in which he has vindicated the claims of honest work against mere selfish culture.

Stangrave is rescued from his luxurious intellectualism by his

love for the beautiful slave for whom Tom Thurnall went to Georgia; Elsley Vavasour dies a victim of his false estimate of the relative worth of genius and righteousness; even his genius failed to accomplish all that it was capable of, through the self-indulgence and feebleness of his moral nature. Poor fellow! we fear there are many like him, who forget that a man of genius is one of God's creatures, like the rest of us, under the authority of God's laws, and liable to all the penalties of transgression that come upon common people; who forget that He who made them cares far more for self-denial, integrity, truthfulness, than for all the pleasant fancies with which their brains are teeming; and that the constitution of their entire nature has been determined by this preference. The man who aspires to be enthroned over the hearts of mankind, must first rule himself, and serve God. Genius itself cannot lessen the obligations of virtue; wherever they are violated, the punishment, though sometimes slow, is always certain; and he whose natural powers made him capable of the highest excellence, instead of being able to evade the consequences of his folly and sin, will only suffer the more shamefully. We wish that all our free-living literary men would lay to heart the history of poor John Briggs *alias* Elsley Vavasour.

ART. IV.—CHRISTIANITY AND HINDUISM.

1. *A Dialogue on the Knowledge of a Supreme Lord; in which are compared the Claims of Christianity and Hinduism.* By Rowland Williams. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1856.
2. *The Bhilsa Topes.* By Major Cunningham. London. 1854.
3. *Christ and other Masters.* Part II. *Religions of India.* By Charles Hardwicke, M.A., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1857.
4. *Proceedings of a General Conference of Bengal Protestant Missionaries held at Calcutta, September, 1855.* Calcutta. 1855.

Not long ago we heard one of Beethoven's wildest and most wonderful creations given with exciting earnestness by a skilful and well-disciplined orchestra, and the strange, unearthly music has been haunting us ever since. When once heard, the enchantment cannot be forgotten; the wailings, the broken-hearted sadness, the fury, the mystery, the triumphant raptures of that marvellous composition must leave their echoes resounding

for a long while afterwards through the open halls and secret passages of the soul. Several times we have tried to translate the mysterious spirit and meaning of the music into another language than that which, after all, has the richest and most varied resources for expressing them; and, at last, we have fancied that, if a magician like Turner were with us still, the colours and forms, the lights and shadows of the painter's art might be made to interpret something of the passion and purpose of the great musician. Such an artist might represent on canvas a heaven stretching away into wildernesses of space, lying far beyond the blue canopy which bounds the vision of the eye of sense, and half revealing the dim and silent habitations of disembodied souls; storm-clouds piled from horizon to zenith, confused, cumbrous, threatening, and throwing huge shadows on the earth beneath; the earth itself burdened with formless mountains, matted with forests of ancient growth, peopled with terrible and spectral shapes, bearing, nevertheless, bright traces of celestial beauty: the whole looking like the sudden and marvellous creation of some mighty but insane divinity.

Through such a region, and surrounded by such scenery, the mind which has been disciplined by Western culture seems to be travelling while carrying on its researches among the strange and gigantic mythologies of the East. No firm outline, no substantial reality, can be found among them all. We seem to be in dream-land rather than in a world of organized thought. Only in the proportion in which these vast and shadowy theories have felt the influences of the European intellect have they been compelled to assume something like the appearance of consistent and credible systems; as we recede from the healthy and bracing atmosphere of the West, and penetrate farther into Asia, they become increasingly wild, irregular, and unreal. The Gnosticism which invaded the ancient church, becomes the soberest sense, and the most unromantic prose, when compared with the monstrous fancies of Hindustan.

It is not our intention to burden these pages with the legends of the Védas, or with tedious extracts from the heroic poems or the Puránás of the later Hinduism; but simply to present such an outline of the various developments of religious thought and life exhibited in the present condition and the past history of our fellow-subjects in the East, as shall excite some interest—where interest has not been felt before—in what is by no means an unimportant chapter in the history of humanity. We have also some hope of making the pathway through the wilderness of Hindu thought a little plainer and easier to others than it has been to ourselves; and, finally, we are anxious to do something for the cause of Christianity in India by assisting our readers to

understand the nature and magnitude of the antagonistic forces against which it has to contend.

We referred just now to the Védas: everybody knows that these are the holy scriptures of the Hindu, and that with the exception of the earlier books of the Old Testament, they are the most ancient writings which the world contains. It is impossible to refer them with confidence to any exact date, but their great antiquity is too firmly demonstrated to admit of serious question. There seems to be good reason for believing that the earlier Védas were written at least two hundred years before the time of Samuel, and some eminent Oriental critics affirm that they ought to be placed not later than the date of the Jewish Exodus. Competent scholars assure us that the language in which they are written differs as much from the Sanskrit of the classic ages as the Latin of the age of Numa from the Latin of the age of Cicero. A still more important line of evidence arises from the contrast between the theology of the Védas, and that of a subsequent era, which itself lies some centuries before the coming of Christ, a contrast so broad and emphatic, and involving such vital and essential elements of religious faith and practice, that it is very hard to imagine how the founders of the more modern Hinduism could have regarded the ancient books as sacred and divine. The laws of Manu, in which some of the most important elements of the existing system begin to appear, must be placed as high as the fifth century before Christ, and ought, perhaps, to be assigned to a much earlier date. But such a revolution of religious thought and organization as is implied in the contrast between the Védas and the system of Manu, must have extended over many hundred years; and hence, even in the age of Manu, a hoary antiquity already belonged to the books which he regarded with religious reverence, though he presumed not only to develope, but to supplement and modify, their teaching.

It is important also to remember that the authority of the Védas is recognised by the heretics of India as well as by the orthodox, although some of these heretics have a history which reaches back to the era of the Babylonian exile. Commentaries on the Védas, known to be ancient, prove that the text is more ancient still. There is yet, however, very much to be done before Indian chronology can become very definite and trustworthy.

Manu speaks only of three Védas, but a fourth book which, though it was in existence when he wrote, could not then have had its present honourable position, has since been classed with them. The first three are called respectively, the "Rig-Véda," which consists of prayers in metre, and derives its name from

its laudatory character; the "Yajur-Véda," which consists of prayers in prose, chiefly expressive of adoration; the "Sáma-Véda," so called from its efficacy in destroying sin, and consisting of prayers to be chanted. The fourth, which may perhaps be almost as ancient as either of the others, but did not so soon secure general recognition on account of the private and personal nature of the prayers that are found in it, is called the "Atharva-Véda."

It is impossible to extract from these books anything approaching to a coherent and self-consistent theory of the universe; contradictory explanations of the most fundamental facts being given on succeeding pages, under the sanction of the same authority, and without the slightest attempt at reconciliation. But these difficulties inflict no trouble on the devout Brahman, as the sense of a *mantra*, or prayer, is held by him to be of far less importance than a knowledge of its author, subject, metre, and purpose. Hence the Védas are read in the oddest and absurdest manner imaginable, sometimes backwards, sometimes forwards, sometimes only the alternate words are read, and then presently those which have just before been omitted; and very possibly they are as edifying and intelligible when read one way as another. Copies of the sacred books may be purchased in which this dislocating and inverting process has been attended to by the scribe.

But although no complete system can be discovered in the Vaidic scriptures, and though it is scarcely possible to assert any doctrine on the authority of one passage which may not be contradicted on the authority of another, the rude outlines of a few great principles may be recognised in the midst of an unorganized chaos of conflicting legends and hostile absurdities. It cannot be denied that in these ancient books the old tradition of God's unity still survives. The following passage from the "Isa-Upanishad,"* a pendant to the second Véda, is given by Hardwicke as a fair specimen of the whole.

"One sovereign ruler pervades this world of worlds. Nurture thyself with that single thought, abandoning all others, and covet not

* Every Véda consists of three parts: the Véda proper, containing *mantras*, or prayers; the Brahmanás, which are commentaries partly liturgical and partly theological, and the Upanishads, exhibiting a fuller development of theological truth, and forming a supplement to the other sacred books. The true Vaidic system should be sought in the Védas proper; the other two parts contain the more fully developed Hinduism. This should be remembered in estimating the worth of the extract given above from the "Isa-Upanishad:" we have discovered no passage in the Védas proper presenting so lofty an exhibition of the divine unity and perfections. Colebrooke, however, in the eighth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, shows very clearly that they do teach monotheism.

the joys of any creature. He who in this life performs his religious duties may desire to live a hundred years; but even to the end thou shouldst leave no other occupation. It is to regions left a prey for evil spirits, and covered with eternal darkness, that those men go after death, who have corrupted their own soul. This one single spirit, which nothing can disturb, is swifter than the thought of man. This primal ruler the *dévas* even cannot overtake. Unmoved itself, it infinitely transcends all others, however rapid be their course. It moves the universe at its pleasure; it is distant from us, and yet very near to all things; it pervades this entire universe, and yet is infinitely beyond it. The man who has learned to recognise all beings in this supreme spirit, and this supreme spirit in all beings, can henceforth look upon no creature with contempt. The man who understands that all beings only exist in this single being; the man who is made conscious of such profound identity, what trouble or what pain can touch him? He then arrives at Brahmá himself; he is luminous, apart from body, apart from evil, apart from matter, pure, and rescued from all taint; he knows—he foreknows—he rules every thing: he sees only by himself alone, and things appear to him such as they were from all eternity—always like themselves. . . . Let the wind—the breath immortal—carry off this body of mine, which is mere ashes; but, O Brahmá, remember my intentions—remember my efforts—remember my deeds. O Agni [spirit of fire], conduct us by sure pathways to eternal happiness. O God, who knowest all beings, purify us from every sin, and we shall be enabled to consecrate to thee our holiest adorations. My mouth is seeking truth only in this golden cup. It is I, O Brahmá! I who adore thee under the form of the resplendent sun. O Sun eternal, hearken to my prayer!”

A still more remarkable passage, in reference to the monotheism of the Vaidic system, is given by Elphinstone (vol. i. p. 73, 2nd edit.) on the authority of Sir William Jones, as exhibiting what a learned Brahman imagined to be the view of the divine character as presented in the *Védas*:—

“Perfect truth; perfect happiness; without equal; immortal; absolute unity, whom neither speech can describe nor mind comprehend; all-pervading; all transcending; delighted with his own boundless intelligence; not limited by space or time; without feet, moving swiftly; without hands, grasping all worlds; without eyes, all-surveying; without ears, all-hearing; without an intelligent guide, understanding all; without cause, the first of all causes; all-ruling; all-powerful; the creator, preserver, transformer of all things: such is the Great One.”

But this almighty and eternal being was felt to be too distant from human sorrows and cares, human triumphs and joys, to satisfy the necessities of man's religious nature. What

the Hebrew learnt from the first pages of his holy books, and what he had learnt from his fathers before these books were written,—that it was the Supreme God himself, and not any inferior agents commissioned by him, that built up the material world for man's dwelling-place, and enriched it with all the wealth and splendours of a palace for his delight,—that it was the Supreme God himself who formed man's body out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into him the breath of life, so that in every transient suffering by which human nature is afflicted, he must have the deepest interest;—what the Hebrew learnt from Jehovah's familiar converse with Adam and Eve, from the swift vengeance he executed upon Cain, from his grief, and repentance, and anger, when the wickedness of the world had become so great, that he had to destroy it with a flood,—from his kindly intercourse with Abraham at the door of his tent about the home-life of the patriarch, his children, and his friends;—what the Hebrew learnt from the general spirit and tendency of his Scriptures, as well as from a hundred separate narratives of God's providential government recorded in them, concerning the nearness of Jehovah to the obscurest of men, in the slightest and most insignificant circumstances of their earthly history, the Hindu could not realize. The infinite attributes of the Supreme seemed to separate him from a creature so mean and contemptible as man; the creation of the universe itself was an act involving too much condescension on the part of the "High and Lofty One," to be ascribed immediately to him; and, therefore, the True God was gradually forgotten, and the inferior ministers of his power gradually came to occupy all religious thought and to absorb all public and private devotion. While the Védas certainly teach that before all men, all gods, and all worlds, there existed an infinite, eternal, and independent being, a religious system can hardly be called monotheistic which permits this great truth to lie powerless and almost forgotten, while the heart and life of the people are consecrated to impure divinities.

These divinities, however, though feared, wondered at, and worshipped, were not regarded as eternal and self-existent; they came into existence after the worlds they ruled; like their worshippers, they had issued out of the infinite sea of life, and were ultimately to return to it. It is obvious that they are nothing more than the deification of the grander elements of the material universe. They have none of the attributes that constitute moral rulership; they have no individuality of character; prerogatives and powers are perpetually shifted from one god to another. So transient and uncertain are their rights and sovereignties, so inconstant their several peculiarities,

that they are mere clouds in the theological firmament, having neither regular form nor secure position. The chief gods in the Vaidic system are Indra, the god of the sun, who is regarded as the ruler of heaven; and Agni, the god of fire. Varuna, the god of water, appears to have been the third in importance and dignity.

The Védas know nothing of the famous Hindu trinity, consisting of Brahmá, Vishnu, and Siva; nothing of the system of caste or the doctrine of transmigration; nothing of image-worship; nothing of widow-burning. The incarnations of Vishnu, around which are clustered the popular legends which exert the strongest influence over the Hindu of our own days, were not known even to Manu, much less to the compiler of the Védas. In short, gods and goddesses that are invested in the Védas with the highest prerogatives, have now almost disappeared among the commonalty of heaven; and others, scarcely named in the ancient scriptures, have succeeded to all their honours.

With such deities it could not be expected that the worshipper would have any strong and deep consciousness of sin. When the gods of a nation are emphatically "the rulers of this world," the givers of mere secular blessings, the moral sense of a people must soon be enfeebled; from religion, at any rate, it derives no support. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the prayers of the Védas are chiefly for good harvests, health, and prosperity; and that the sacrifices are chiefly eucharistic rather than expiatory. The slaughter of human victims in order to appease an angry divinity is a proof of a far deeper religious life than the Vaidic system was likely to originate; and even animal sacrifices were far from common.

Our chief business is with the contents of Hinduism rather than with thorny questions about its chronology; we shall not wait, therefore, to inquire how long a period intervened between the arrangement of the Védas and the promulgation of the laws of Manu. It is clear that great as were the modifications of the earlier faith established rather than introduced by this renowned lawgiver, he retained for the ancient books a profound religious reverence. One extract from the "Laws" will set this beyond question, and also illustrate the ceremonial character of his system. "A priest," writes Manu, "who should retain in his memory the whole Rig-Véda, would be absolved from all guilt, even if he had slain the inhabitants of the three worlds, and [climax of all enormities!] had eaten food from the vilest hands." What pleasant memories visit us as we read this, of Him concerning whom it was so often said, that he was the guest of publicans and sinners, and who lovingly suffered a guilty

sister to bring her alabaster box, and pour the ointment on his head, and to wash his feet with her tears.

It was one of the advantages of the Vaidic idolatry that Indra, Agni, and Varuna were too shadowy thoroughly to satisfy the moral wants of their worshippers. Shelley tells us that Queen Mab was so unsubstantial, that—

“The broad and yellow moon
Shone dimly through her form,
That form of faultless symmetry;”

the gods of the sunshine and air were equally transparent; they had not enough of solid reality in them wholly to hide from their simple votaries the primitive tradition of the divine unity. In the “Institutes,” though this fundamental fact is recognised, the inferior divinities have more personality of character, and are invested with more definite attributes and more vigorous passions; and are more capable, therefore, of detaining and satisfying the religious impulses of man’s heart. Mr. Hardwicke, whose book is on the whole so just and admirable that we are not inclined to say anything about the few passages that we had marked for animadversion, truly says that while:—

“In the worship of the elements, the veil between the seen and the unseen had remained comparatively slender, in the worship of anthropomorphic gods, in whom all human excellences found their utmost limit, the new object was more satisfying because it was more human, but on that account was far less calculated to suggest a higher class of truths.”

There was a second element in the “Laws” which prepared the way for the gross polytheism of the Puránás. In the Védas the distinction between the Infinite God and the worlds he had created, though not very distinctly drawn, was nevertheless preserved; the occasional expressions which might be interpreted as teaching that he is the substance as well as the origin of the universe, probably mean nothing more than that in the highest sense he created all things, and was not the mere organizer of a pre-existent and eternal *ὕλη*. In the “Institutes,” the elements of that Pantheistic theory which is the deepest and most irremediable curse of Modern India, are far more distinctly enunciated. To the interests of monotheism, therefore, the revolution signalized and consolidated by the publication of the “Laws” of Manu was most injurious.

Another result of this revolution, not less important, perhaps, than the disturbance of the ancient dynasties of heaven, and the modification of the character of the gods, was the establishment of the system of caste, though in a form different from that in

which it is now exhibited in Calcutta and Madras. In order to understand this marvellous and terrible development of Hindu religion and civilization, it may be necessary to remind some of our readers that, although some distinguished Orientalists have urged grave objections to the theory, it is generally believed that when, in the earliest and pre-historic ages the ancestors of the race that Clive found ruling in India—a race which had been there for at least three thousand years—crossed the Himalayas, to which the legends about their gods and their golden age still cling, they found the vast peninsula at their feet already partially occupied by a people inferior to themselves in spirit, courage, and general vigour of nature. The new comers, whose very name (A'ryans) indicates their proud consciousness of noble superiority, subjugated the earlier settlers, and gradually laid the foundation of an extensive and magnificent empire. In the Védas, we find indications that the conquerors were still living a pastoral life, wandering about from one valley and plain to another, like Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; simple in their habits and life, but yet by no means savages; preserving still some traditions of the primeval civilization of mankind. As their numbers multiplied, and their wanderings ceased, the form of their polity became more complex and definite. The conquered barbarians were held in stern subjection; they were branded with every symbol of ignominy and degradation. In the "Laws" of Manu it is provided that a Brahman may not read the Védas, even to himself, in the presence of one of the abject race; to teach him the law or to instruct him in the mode of expiating sin, sinks a Brahman into the hell called Aramunta. The proper names of the conquered people are to be expressive of contempt; and the religious penance for killing one of them is the same as for killing a cat, a frog, a dog, a lizard, and various other animals.*

The degradation of the lowest or Sudra caste is compensated for by the extravagant honours conceded to the Brahman. "A Brahman is the chief of all created beings; the world and all in it are his: through him, indeed, other mortals enjoy life; by his imprecations he could destroy a king, with his troops, elephants, horses, and cars; could frame other worlds and regents of worlds, and could give being to new gods and new mortals. A Brahman is to be treated with more respect than a king. His life and person are protected by the severest laws in this world, and the most tremendous denunciations for the

* A most admirable account of the system of caste, and of the "Laws" of Manu generally, is given by Elphinstone in his "History of India," to which we are indebted for many of the particulars given above.

next. He is exempt from capital punishment, even for the most enormous crimes. His offences against other classes are treated with remarkable lenity, while all offences against him are punished with ten-fold severity." Every one who has been in the habit of reading Indian missionary intelligence, or who has listened to the speeches of missionaries who have laboured in India, must be familiar with many illustrations of the social influence of the Brahmanical dignity; the humiliation and the prostrate submission which the inferior castes are compelled to exhibit towards those that sprang from the head of Brahmá.

In the "Institutes," the interval between the Brahman and the Sudra is filled up by the Cshatriyas and the Veisyas; the first constituting the military and political class of the community, and the second the commercial and agricultural. All the first three classes are invested at a certain age with the sacred cord, which indicates that they are "twice-born men; but that of the Brahman is of cotton, that of the Cshatriya of lint, and that of the Veisya of wool. Originally, too, all who wore the "janua," were permitted to read the Védas; but this privilege has gradually come to belong to the Brahmans alone. Though the names of the second and third castes still exist, and those who belong to them earnestly insist on their dignities and prerogatives, the Cshatriyas and Veisyas have lost very much of their ancient precedence; and in some parts of India, the Sudras have been able to win considerable respectability. It must be remembered, however, that though the people of India may be roughly divided into these four classes, every caste has multifarious subdivisions, maintained, of course, with almost more stubbornness than the greater distinctions with which we are most familiar, and utterly baffling by their complexity and minuteness the comprehension of all Europeans who have not been resident in the country.

The *principle* of this system of caste is certainly as old as Manu; the subsequent modifications of it, as we have intimated, have been considerable; how much more ancient it is, and how it arose, we are not yet in a position confidently to determine. While we are disposed to agree with those scholars who think that the Sudras are the ancient settlers who yielded to the A'ryan conquerors and became a part of their social organization, and that the Pahárias are probably the degraded descendants of those who refused to accept the yoke of the invaders, and were gradually driven towards the south, where they exist in the greatest numbers, and present aspects of most miserable degradation, we cannot accept the theory which explains the distinctions between the three castes of the A'ryan race, by assigning to each a national origin fundamentally dis-

inct from that of the others. How is it possible to believe that a foreign race of priestly scholars like the Brahmans so completely subjugated a courageous and noble people as to compel them to accept such insulting inferiority as that to which the kings and merchants, as well as the servile people, of India have had to yield? Surely, the differences now existing between the Brahmans and the rest of the community may be accounted for without resorting to our favourite doctrine of race. If when Hindu society was being consolidated, there existed a class of men conspicuous for the sanctity of their lives and for their learning, having the same blood in their veins as the prince and the trader, and distinguished only by greater devoutness and thoughtfulness, and completer consecration to the service of the gods, it is not difficult to imagine that the authority of learning, and the reverence which belongs to holiness might secure for the priestly class, first a profound respect, and then a superstitious awe. We confidently believe that if the climate of Europe had been warmer, and her soil less stubborn,—if her inhabitants had been permitted to sink into that luxurious repose into which the hardy A'ryan sunk when he had crossed the Himalayas, and found himself lord of all the splendid continent beneath,—if the wildernesses and forests of the North had never poured forth their rough and vigorous tribes to disturb the slumbers of the nations that fringed the Mediterranean Sea, and to give fresh muscle and sinew to those whom wealth, and luxury, and art had made effeminate, the Roman Catholic priesthood might gradually have won for themselves, and, in the absence of the law of celibacy, for their descendants, a pre-eminence in Europe not inferior to that which the Brahmans possess in India. And when one class of the community has monopolized through hundreds of years all learning and all religious reverence, they will infallibly be distinguished by their intellectual and physical superiority. But we have dwelt longer than we intended on the system of caste, and before we leave it can only observe, that it is quite consistent with the doctrine that all souls have a common origin. From the same fountain may originally have sprung the foulest and the purest water.

Closely connected with the system of caste is the Hindu belief in the transmigration of souls. It was probably suggested in the East, as it has been suggested in other regions, by the difficulty of reconciling the inequalities of human life and destiny with the even-handed justice of God. Why is this man born blind, and another deaf, and a third with the dim and vacant eye of idiocy, and a fourth under the tyranny of bestial passions which seem to have had their foul and loathsome dens

in his soul from his very birth? These must be the penalties of by-gone transgressions. "I was born in sin, and in iniquity did my mother conceive me," was never intended to be a scientific statement of doctrine; but it expresses a fact which burdens all thoughtful hearts. From God, the sin could not have come; there are difficulties in imagining how it could have come from our parents: surely, the infant soul has sinned by its free-will in some antecedent stage of its history, and is now suffering the natural consequences of its crimes. And when death was near, many a man would feel that he was too impure to return to Brahmá, and enjoy the blessedness of the righteous; and not unnaturally would he cling to the hope that, perhaps instead of being driven across the "fiery flood, girding the realms of Padalon around," he might be suffered to atone for his guilt by being degraded to inhabit some inferior form of animal life, while if he had done well, but belonged to an inferior caste, he might hope to be re-born as a member of an order nearer to the gods. There must be deep roots in human life and nature for a doctrine which has appeared in such different lands and ages, and which in the East has maintained its influence through so many changes of religious faith and political order.

It is evident that, owing partly to the gradual rise of a priestly caste, partly to a more settled and orderly constitution of society, which by multiplying the mutual relations of men and increasing their mutual dependence, multiplies their social duties, renders necessary a more severe and inexorable system of public law, and thus gives new definiteness and authority to the decisions of the moral judgment, the sense of sin in the Hindu mind had become profounder in the period represented by Manu than in the old Vaidic times. Nothing can be more natural or more true to all that the deepest philosophy of human life would lead us to anticipate than the evidently defective moral convictions of the Hebrew patriarchs in reference to those duties which in our modern society are authoritative, not only with religious, but with the most godless men; it is impossible for men living such a life as Abraham to feel as deeply as those involved in a complicated social system the tremendous importance of truth-speaking and integrity. The kindly, generous virtues, are cherished among a nomadic people; the firmly defined, exact duties of integrity, truthfulness, justice, are the after-growth of a more highly organized state of society. But the sense of wrong-doing can never be very profound until the sterner virtues have secured their rightful homage. Hence, among the Hindus, it had become possible in the time of Manu to sustain a more cumbrous ritual and more frequent expiatory

sacrifices than in the earlier age; and even the more systematic creed was as much a necessity of the heart, whose troubles had deepened, as of the intellect, which had received a higher culture.

The consolidation of Hinduism, which we have thus attempted to exhibit, was effected just in time to secure the whole system from destruction. In the period immediately succeeding the publication of the "Institutes," India was convulsed by the struggles of conflicting philosophies, and became the theatre of one of the most remarkable and splendid religious enterprises the world has ever witnessed. Our exposition of the Rationalism of Kapila, which, to a European mind, is one of the most interesting developments of Hindu thought, and our sketch of the rise of Buddhism must, however, be as rapid and brief as possible.

Kapila is the great Rationalist of India; to the orthodox Brahman, his name has all the terror that craven hearts among ourselves are visited with when they hear of the Positive Philosophy, or of Paulus and De Wette. His system was the protest of intellect against the portentous superstitions, whose deepening and enlarging shadows were swiftly settling on a priest-ridden race. The corner-stone of his philosophy is, the doctrine that the cause must always include the effect; that to bring something out of nothing is impossible; that to invest existence with attributes it did not previously possess, to do anything more than develop latent properties, must be beyond the power even of the mightiest: creation, therefore, is incredible. Kapila found the origin of all things in a vast and eternal *ūḷa* in which dwelt a blind, unconscious power; out of this gradually arose *buddhi*, or intelligence, which was potentially contained in it; and out of *buddhi*, *ahan-kāra*, or individual consciousness. By *prakriti*, he seems to have meant *matter* without form; and by *buddhi*, *mind* without personality. His doctrine of causation and development excluded altogether not only the necessity but the possibility of a creator; and it is evident that its logical issues are materialism and atheism. Kapila, however, added to his system a curious appendage, the exact nature of which it is hard to define, though the necessities which it was intended to satisfy are, we think, tolerably obvious. The analogies of vegetable life, the mysterious phenomena resulting from the close union of mind and matter in human nature, such as the dependence of intellect for its development and vigour upon mere material causes, upon physical health, upon the nerves and the brain, and upon the knowledge of the outward world given by impressions on the senses, had led him to imagine that the whole universe, and a large region even of man's inner being,

might be a natural development from primeval matter. He was confirmed in this hypothesis by observing how largely the intellect and the passions are subjected to a law imposed on them from without; they have no more of self-determining power than the running streams or the growing leaves; but, lying deep in the darkness of his interior life, there was the consciousness of an independent Ego, for which he felt he had not accounted. Understanding, affection, motive, could all be dealt with by his principle of development; but this more central element of his being was manifestly distinct from the outward world, and could in no sense be the development of it. He speaks, therefore, of a *soul* as allied with the separate and individual consciousness which is evolved from *buddhi*; but to this soul he appears to have assigned no other attributes and properties than such as are implied in passively watching the various aspects of the phenomenal universe. "Nature, like a dancer, exhibits all her wonderful evolutions for the entertainment of the soul."

The practical aim of the Sankyha philosophy was to disabuse the mind of the conviction that the sorrows and joys, the perceptions and sensations, the beliefs and reasonings of which it was conscious, were anything more than movements of the universal *buddhi*; to imagine them an individual possession was the error of the vulgar; to recognise in them the necessary growth of nature, the wisdom of the philosopher. By a knowledge of "the twenty-five principles," the Sankyast was to arrive at the sublime conclusion, the goal of philosophy, the triumph of "rationalism,"—"Neither I am, nor is aught mine, nor is there any I!"

As the Sankyhasts divided ultimately into two sects, the distinction between them consisting in the recognition by the younger school of a supreme lord, it is probable that the atheistic tendencies of the original system had been more daringly exhibited by some of Kapila's disciples than by himself.*

We pass over all notice of the "orthodox schools" of philosophy, in order to notice the remarkable work of Major Cunningham on the Bhilsa Topes, and to exhibit the leading features of Buddhism. The rise and fall of the system of Sakya-Muni reads like a romance rather than an actual history; so rapid were its early triumphs; so glorious the enthusiasm of its

* Kapila recognised the dignity of Hindu divinities, believing that they, like men, were "developments" of the original *prakriti*; but having mightier powers and a longer duration. All alike were ultimately to be re-absorbed into the vast and formless element whence they sprang.

early apostles; so sublime and stern the asceticism which brought on its fall. At first sight, too, there seems to be in Buddhism an analogy with the Christian faith much closer than can be found in any other system of Paganism. In the centre of Oriental heathendom, we suddenly find ourselves surrounded by teachers who speak of a trinity and an incarnation, and urge the obligation of meekness, humility, benevolence, and other emphatically Christian virtues; we hear of councils, monasteries, and missions. And though we soon find that our first impressions concerning the system itself were far too favourable, it is impossible not to be deeply impressed and interested with the energy and zeal of its apostles.

Between the Sankhya philosophy and the religion of Buddha, there are intimate and vital relations. We omitted to mention in our account of Kapila, that he pronounced all *souls* equal; but he admitted that the "sheaths," in which the soul is placed, are so various as to constitute very important natural differences among men: the founder of Buddhism was still more hostile in his attitude towards Brahmanism, throwing salvation open equally to the meanest outcast and the Brahman of purest blood and divinest pedigree. Kapila was the foe of superstition; the Buddhist missionaries, in like manner, deprecated ceremonialism, and exalted the excellence of bountifulness, righteousness, knowledge, activity, patience, and mercy; which they called the six highest perfections. Prayer they judged to be useless, except for its reflex influence; even the necessity of divine revelation, which had been admitted by Kapila, the Buddhist denied, acknowledging only two sources of knowledge, perception and reflection. The possibility, however, of any certain knowledge of the external universe was made doubtful; and there are some Buddhists, at any rate, who have come to profess a system of philosophical scepticism. The proper state of the supreme being, "Adi Buddha," is rest, and to attain this is the object of Buddhist meditation and virtue.

Sakya-Muni, the founder of this religious system, which, though it has disappeared from India, still numbers, according to Major Cunningham, 222 millions of votaries, was born B.C. 625, his father being the rajah of a small Indian territory. In consequence of deep impressions made upon his mind while still a youth, of the liability of man to decay and disease, and to inevitable death at last, he deserted the palace, became an ascetic, wandered about with the begging-pot of the Hindu mendicant, and depended upon the alms of the benevolent for the satisfaction of his hunger and of all his bodily wants. He sought wisdom from the learned and devout professors of Brahmanism, but in vain. At last he discovered, that by medi-

tation on the unreality of external things, by the subjugation of the animal instincts, and by the practice of virtue, the soul would secure release from the tyranny of sense, and be made one with the supreme intelligence. For a clear and accurate account of the Buddhist doctrines of the trinity and incarnation we have no space; let it be enough to say that they present no real analogy to the Christian doctrines which pass under the same names.

Excepting the diffusion of Christianity in primitive times, we know of no parallel to the early Buddhist missions. The record of them is preserved in some of the sacred books, and the trustworthiness of the narratives is sustained by the caskets and inscriptions found in the Topes, or sacred monuments, raised over the remains of many of the missionaries. Asoka, the Constantine of Buddhism, assembled a thousand of the holiest monks at Pataliputra, to distinguish the true faith from all heresies; and when the council was concluded, they scattered themselves through all the neighbouring kingdoms, recalling men from superstitious rites, and from the blasphemous distinctions of caste, to the practice of the ordinary virtues of human life, and to a common salvation; and, exaggerated as the numbers of their converts must be, it is certain that the enthusiasm of their labours, and the comparative excellence of their doctrines, brought the people by myriads away from the Brahmans. And, though now extinct in India, Buddhism still flourishes "in Nepál and Tibet, in Ava, Ceylon, and China, and amongst the Indo-Chinese nations of Assam, Siam, and Japan." Major Cunningham's most interesting work presents the results of the investigations carried on by himself among the Topes, or religious edifices, of Buddhism in Central India. The biography of Sakya, and the sketch of the early history of his followers, will be found deeply interesting. We had intended to extract the splendid paragraph in which he explains the causes that led to the decline of this remarkable religion; but our rapidly diminishing space warns us that we must hasten on to the rise of the appalling system of superstition which darkens and curses modern India.

In our summary of the "Laws" of Manu, we spoke of Pantheism as having already begun to strike its roots into the religious faith of the Hindu. In the more modern system, this deadly theory is exhibited in all its fearful consequences. The Puránás, of which there are eighteen, and which were written between the eighth and fourteenth or sixteenth centuries, by different authors, to support the doctrines of different sects, present an explanation of the world in which the Pantheistic germs found in the "Institutes" are fully developed.

They teach that the Eternal, who is denominated Brahm, becomes Brahmá* by self-evolution; and Brahmá is the first member of the trinity, consisting of Brahmá, Vishnu, and Siva, who are evidently personifications of the three great processes of Nature—generation, preservation, and destruction. Vach, the heavenly daughter of Brahmá, becoming in her earthly revelation, Mayá, or illusion, the visible world is the result; in other words, the phenomenal universe (and the universe is merely phenomenal according to this theory,) is the aspect presented to the human faculties of the divine conception of Brahmá. The soul mistakes the illusion for reality; and hence the learned Hindus speak of the world as partly the result of knowledge, and partly the result of ignorance. If we knew nothing, the universe would have no existence to us at all; if we knew everything, we should see that though the universe seems to be, Brahmá only is.

The soul itself, shut up in its body, its animal life, its passions, and its perceptive faculties, as in four successive "sheaths," sprang from Brahmá. Brahmá is present in it still; and the wise man is he who has discovered that not only is the external world a delusive appearance, but that free-will is an unfounded fancy too, being simply the operation of the Deity. And just in proportion as this is practically believed, does human nature rise above accident and disturbance, and rest quietly in God.

It might be expected that Brahmá, the creator, would be the object of universal worship; but though the Brahmans do homage to him every day, he has never been a popular deity; and, it is said, there is only one temple erected to him in all India. Vishnu the Preserver, whom the Sankyhasts worshipped, has always received far more general favour, and her incarnations in Rama and Krishna, which we are reluctantly compelled to pass over, have been among the mightiest influences in the formation of Hindu faith and character. But at present, Siva, the god of destruction, whose supremacy dates from about the ninth century after Christ, and Dévi, his consort, are the most popular and powerful divinities. Siva is represented in the Puránás as "wandering about, surrounded by ghosts and goblins, inebriated, naked, and with dishevelled hair, covered with ashes of a funeral pile, ornamented with human skulls and bones, sometimes laughing and sometimes crying." The countenance of his consort, which streams with blood, is encircled with snakes, and hung round with skulls and human heads. The most bloody and licentious rites are celebrated

* Brahm and Brahmá are respectively the neuter and masculine forms of the same word.

in honour of these dreadful divinities; but into the details of these gross abominations it is no part of our purpose to enter, our principal object being to give such a sketch of Hindu religion as shall tempt some of our readers to seek a more thorough knowledge of it, and to exhibit a kind of index-map that shall make it much easier for them to master its details.

It may be asked, what interest or importance can attach to the study of such wild and fruitless fancies as these pages have been intended roughly to sketch? We are at a loss—not for replies—but to choose those which are most likely to remove the objection.

In the first place, then, we believe that the very centre of the controversy which has been raging in Europe for the last fifty years, between Christianity and her Protean assailants, is neither more nor less than this: Whether the religion of Christ is a natural, though remarkable, development of human nature, or what it professes to be, a divine revelation. All discussions of particular doctrines are secondary to this deeper question: there may be agreement about details among those who are in irreconcilable antagonism on the main subject of the controversy. To prove the non-supernatural character of Christianity, it is attempted to be shown, that all her alleged peculiarities may be found in various forms of Pagan faith and philosophy; and we think we see indications that the materials for this infidel polemic are likely to be sought with increasing diligence among the numerous and cumbrous systems of Hinduism. If so, there is good reason why “the Knights-Templar” of literature, those who have consecrated their learning, and their genius, and their toil to the defence of the faith, should be familiar with the region over which we have been travelling.

Secondly, we believe that a more thorough acquaintance, not merely with the abominations, but with the underlying thought and creed of heathen nations, will give new impulse to missionary earnestness and bring to the missionary enterprise, the men it has a right to claim—the men who in intellect and culture, as well as in heart, are the flower, the pride, the glory of Christendom.

We earnestly recommend to our readers who take any interest in such matters all the books we have placed at the head of this article. Of Major Cunningham’s, we have already spoken. Mr. Hardwicke’s is intended to investigate the relations between Christianity and Hinduism; it has the great merits of clearness, vivacity, and compactness; there is very much, too, of just and unpretentious philosophy in it. Mr. Williams’s “Dialogue” is one of the most remarkable books we have read for a long time. The singular subtlety of its thought, the familiarity

it manifests with subjects rather remote from the duties of the Hebrew and Divinity Professorship at Lampeter, have exceedingly struck us. Some of our contemporaries, we see, have expressed surprise at the publication of an elaborate refutation of Hinduism in London; but we imagine Mr. Williams was thinking as much about establishing what has earned for itself the name of the "Lampeter Theology," as of confuting Vyása, Kapila, or Sakya-Muni. We cannot discuss with Mr. Williams his own theology at the end of a review which has been occupied with the religions and philosophies he has so skilfully expounded; but we cannot refrain from expressing our strong conviction that even philosophic Paganism is not to be destroyed by a merely philosophic Christianity. It is well to have men in India who shall be able when they choose to ruin the mazy sophistries of the Brahmans by sheer logical keenness and force; but, with the profoundest deference to the judgment of those who have larger practical acquaintance with missionary work than ourselves, we are inclined to think that men who unite with speculative power an indisposition frequently to employ it—who have our Anglo-Saxon directness, contempt for unrealities, and general vigour,—dogmatic, ardent, impetuous men—will be the most efficient missionaries even among the scheming, refining, and subtle people of India.

ART. V.—"OLD HUMPHREY."

George Mogridge: his Life, Character, and Writings. By the Rev. Charles Williams. London: Ward & Lock. 1856.

"LET me write the *ballads* of a nation," said Fletcher of Saltoun, "and who will may write its *laws*." Nobody can tell us who wrote the "Nut-brown Maid," or the "Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," or "Chevy Chase," or the "Song of the Niebelungen," and yet the literature of this class is the marrow of nations. But more influential than any secular compositions are the religious songs of the masses. They may be hymns such as those of Watts, Kelly, Montgomery, and scores more of the sweet singers of the Christian Israel, or sacred ballads like "Thomas Brown," and many others of which George Mogridge was the author. Many of our readers will hardly recognise the subject of Mr. Williams's biography under this, his true name. Just so; he was a power working amongst us during a whole

generation, and the Christian church at large was, during his lifetime, ignorant of his name. Well did his modesty preserve his secret, which was never known beyond the circle of a few intimate friends till his death unsealed their lips. To the rest of his million readers he was known only as "Old Humphrey," "Ephraim Holding," and a dozen other *aliases*. Yet it may safely be affirmed, that since the old Saxon bishop of Sherborne, who, twelve centuries ago, used to station himself at the town bridge, and endeavoured to win his countrymen for Christ by the attractions of popular verse, few Englishmen have done more for the moral improvement and evangelization of the peasantry and labouring classes, both in this country and America, than the Tyrtæus of the Tract Society, George Mogridge.

Such a man richly deserved a biography; and shortly after his decease the society just mentioned, whose right arm he had so long been, issued a small volume, entitled a "Memoir of Old Humphrey, with Gleanings from his Portfolio, in Prose and Verse." With this performance Mr. Williams at least, who had enjoyed the closest intimacy with Mr. Mogridge for many years, having been the society's editor during a great portion of his friend's literary career, is manifestly far from satisfied. He says in his preface:—

"No sooner were thousands bereft of one whom, though personally unknown, they had long esteemed and loved, than the writer determined on attempting a Memorial of his friend. After earnest and continued labour to realize his purpose, he heard that a volume having the same object was about to appear. He, therefore, paused, and only resumed his work when he found merely a slight sketch of the departed had been issued, and that no other was to be expected. Seeking now all the aid that was accessible, he has striven to trace Mr. Mogridge's course from the cradle to the grave; to exhibit his character in the principal facts of his life; and to glance at the origin, extent, and influence of his writings with strict fidelity, and without any intrusion of his personal feelings."

We have looked over the Tract Society's Memoir, and are bound to say that the above estimate of it does it no injustice. There was ample room for Mr. Williams's attempt to make amends for its shortcomings. We really think that the memory of one who did far more for that excellent society than ever it did for him, was entitled to a more handsome recognition than the official biography accorded him. It is meagre and unsatisfactory; and since it is impossible to avoid a comparative judgment in such a case, we cannot refrain from saying that Mr. Williams's production contrasts with it most

favourably in almost every respect. It is a well written, and thoroughly readable account of the strangely chequered career of a very remarkable man. Of Mr. Mogridge's early life in particular, which in the Tract Society's volume is dispatched in some half-dozen pages, plenty of interesting details are given from papers placed by the family at the biographer's disposal. Indeed, the whole work is full of characteristic incident and illustrative adventure, whilst numerous unpublished letters and poems furnish autobiographical materials of great value, and give freshness and life to the narrative.

Everybody knows the "Old Humphrey" of the *Weekly Visitor*. Would our readers like to see "Young Humphrey," spectator or actor of the Theatre Royal at Boarcote School, where most of his boyish days were spent under the ferule of a most eccentric, fox-hunting pedagogue, who seems to have thought that the being a good shot himself was no disqualification for his "teaching the young idea how to shoot?" Let the curtain rise then:—

"What an assemblage was there of Lears, Othellos, and Macbeths! No one could be satisfied without representing some first-rate character. Such powers, it was resolved, ought not to be quiet: a night was fixed for their *début*, and an audience formed (in the absence of the schoolmaster) of his wife, the usher, some strangers expressly invited, and those of the boys who were not to fret their hour upon the stage.

"The early scenes drew down peals of applause; but now was to come the great attraction of the evening—Hamlet and the Ghost. As to the getting up of Higgins for the shade of the poor king, there had been much difference of opinion. Some paper-like armour had been provided; but then it was said he would look too much like Hamlet; he was, therefore, arrayed in kingly guise, so far as this could be represented by some pasteboard for a crown, a brazen toasting-fork for a sceptre, and a red cloak for a robe. It was now decided, that however much Higgins resembled Claudius, he was not at all like a ghost, so his sovereign habiliments were discarded, and he stood ready for his entrance wrapped up in a white sheet and bepowdered with flour; the manager sagely remarking that, seen from a little distance, he would prove a capital ghost.

"As Hamlet entered there was perfect silence; and it continued when the Ghost appeared; but when all were listening for the reply to Hamlet's question, what he would have him do?—oh! horror—the Ghost replied, in a whining tone, as if he were about to blubber, 'You must blow some of the flour off my face, for it has got into my eyes, and I can't see!'"—Pp. 47, 48.

Mr. Mogridge's *home* education under his excellent and pious mother, and his strong-minded and no less pious father, doubtless contributed far more to the moulding of his moral man than his

school associations. The latter was evidently a philosophical humorist, as the following lesson which he taught his son, and which was never effaced from his mind, shows :—

"George was busy in making a boat out of a piece of wood with his penknife, when his father came suddenly into the room, took away the knife and the wood, and, placing a small snail on the middle of a large round table, said, 'Now it is just three o'clock, and I want you to do nothing until the snail has crawled to the edge of the table; so do not stir from your seat until he has finished his travels. With this charge he locked the door, and left George well pleased that he had only to watch the progress of the snail.

"For a time he was gratified, as with his elbows on the table, and his cheeks resting on his hands, he sat looking at the little traveller. At length, however, he became tired of watching, and heartily wished the snail would quicken his movements. But this it would not do; on the contrary, it made longer stops than before, and he thought he had never seen so lazy a creature. He now fumbled in his pockets, but neither top, whipcord, nor marble was there to soothe his disquietude. Then he whistled a tune, snapped his fingers, looked at the cracks in the ceiling, and counted the flowers on the paper border that ran round the room. He listened to the sound of a broad-wheeled waggon, and watched a crow flying at a distance; but dull and heavy was their progress, when, once more looking at the snail, it was actually within an inch of the edge of the table. Afraid that it should make another stop, he blew gently on it, when the provoking creature drew in its horns for such a long time that he thought it would not put them out again. He was now absolutely ill-tempered, and thought he was being very ill-used.

"Once more the snail was near the table-edge, and George was in a shiver lest he should go back again, when, as it dragged the last part of its tail from the top of the table, his father entered with his watch in his hand, saying it was just four o'clock, and that he would give him a model, made by a sailor who was waiting in the kitchen, of a man-of-war, valued at seven shillings, if he would dig over the piece of ground he would mark out, in another hour. And now the hour-glass was turned, that there might be no error as to time.

"In another minute George's coat was off, and his spade in his hand. He was almost frightened at first by the extent of the ground; but what a long time he had found an hour to be, and how much better it was to dig than to keep looking at that tormenting snail! Then he thought of the vessel beautifully painted, with its masts, and sails, and rigging, and he fancied he saw it already floating gallantly across the pond.

"Digging as fast as he could, George thought all around him was in a bustle. A rattle placed in a tree to frighten the birds, went round unusually fast—the clouds were blown by the winds swiftly along the skies—the swallows darted over his head—a post-chaise dashed along the road as though the horses were in full gallop, and

the man who came to the gate with his fiddle annoyingly played in double-quick time.

"But now, alas! the sailor was going, for Mr. Mogridge declined to purchase his ship. George thought he had not yet worked half an hour; his father took him to the sun-dial, and it was five o'clock. As if this could be in error, he ran to the hour-glass, but the last grain of sand had run out, and when he looked at the clock at the head of the stairs it was striking the time with all its might. Long afterwards he said, 'If I live these hundred years, I shall not forget my astonishment and disappointment. The lesson impressed on my mind was impressed there for ever, nor have I since required anything to remind me that, however slowly time may move with those who have nothing to do, it runs rapidly enough with all who are fully employed.'"—Pp. 33—35.

It was Mr. Mogridge's failure in business, "despite of high integrity," as his biographer shows, "from inaptitude for its transactions, and the excess of his benevolence," which led to his embracing a literary career, and his ultimate connexion with the Religious Tract Society. Thus was the great disaster of his life overruled for the greatest good to multitudes. He became the author of nearly two hundred and fifty religious productions, from the farthing tract to the three-and-sixpenny volume. Tracts, however, both in prose and verse, were his *forte*. Of one of these alone, "Honest Jack the Sailor," half-a-million copies have been circulated, whilst the aggregate issues of six others of his works, including "Old Humphrey's Addresses" and "Observations," amounted in 1851 to 739,564. This is exclusive of the American editions, which have been very large. It might be supposed that the remuneration received for such numerous and paying productions ought to have enabled him to wipe out the stain of bankruptcy by an honourable discharge of his old debts, for which, although the law had declared him free, he always held himself morally responsible. But it was not so. Although he worked with indefatigable industry till he could work no more, he was poor to the last. Inexpensive as he was in his habits, this most successful of religious writers, whose pre-eminently useful publications are now scattered broadcast over two continents to the extent of *twenty or thirty millions of impressions*, was never during his lifetime without anxiety for bread; and when he died at Hastings, on November 2nd, 1854, left not wherewithal to purchase a stone to mark the resting-place of his ashes. A tablet was, indeed, erected on the spot, at the expense of the Tract Society. It records "their high estimate of his character and works," but it does *not* record the fact, mentioned in the inscription which Mr. Williams would have

substituted for theirs, that he died "bequeathing nothing to his family except the remembrance of his virtues, and of his incessant and successful labours for the good of mankind!"

Mr. Mogridge's connexion with the Tract Society seems to have commenced in 1828, and continued till his death. In a letter to his wife, dated Jan. 16th in that year, he thus describes his introduction to its service:—

"I told you how my long illness has tried me in a pecuniary way—I was, indeed, very awkwardly situated in my lodgings on other accounts, when I sent two tracts to the Tract Society, that I thought might suit, and two that I thought would not. I requested them to address their reply to X. Y. Z. They replied, that their tracts were almost exclusively gratuitous; but that for superior tracts, or those peculiarly adapted to their circulation, they objected not to remunerate. I think I told you that Mr. P. returned my tracts that were intended for Nisbet, after having them in his possession twice, a month and more each time, without opening them in the first instance or showing them to Nisbet in the second, until I applied for them; he then went to Nisbet, and returned them to me immediately, as Nisbet declined publishing tracts. So much for the assistance of friends. The Tract Society is thus managed: the manuscript is first read by a Mr. Lloyd; if he approve, he hands it to two of the committee, who give it a second reading to decide if it be worthy to be laid before the committee. If approved by the two, it is then brought forward for a third reading before a committee of twelve, less or more, as it may occur, when all state their opinions, and point out emendations if necessary, so that perhaps the average of tracts that are adopted is not more, I think, than one in twenty. The two that I thought would suit were generally approved. I asked five pounds for the two, thinking as it was an institution of benevolence that I should write low in order to have more. Mr. Lloyd much valued the tracts, 'The Two Widows' and 'Honest Jack,' and said he could not offer me five pounds for them, but that he should give me six guineas, which he did. This enabled me to pay my debts, and made me pretty comfortable. Then comes my dear Mary's letter, wherein she names Ann's wages. Now, my dear Mary, I wrote my last letter in the full confidence of sending something in this, if it were only a pound note, but I am obliged to defer it till my next, which you will please to apply for at the post-office, G. E. M., on Feb. 3; I would willingly say before, but am afraid if I did I should disappoint. They behaved very respectfully to me at the Tract Society—gave me lots of tracts, and a number of books evidently with the view that I might continue to write for them. They pointed out the 'Lollards,' and the 'Martyrs during the Reformation,' as a fit subject to poetize. I undertook it, and intended to complete it in three numbers, for which I hoped to receive nine guineas; but unfortunately they were not explicit enough with me, and I did not know that the whole must of necessity be in the limit of one number. This I found out when I had completed one number,

and almost another, and laid the plan for the third. I had then to cut down what I had written to less than one half, abridge the remaining part, and shall receive, if approved, three guineas instead of nine. This is a great disappointment on many accounts, and one of them is my being unable to put a pound note in this letter, not possessing one. It was not the fault of the Society, nor indeed my own, but one of those circumstances that sometimes will occur. I had sent my black coat to the tailor's shop to be altered, and a thief stole it from the tailor's shop. He offered if I would let him make me a new one, to make me an allowance for the other; I told him I could not afford to pay him for one. He pressed me to have a suit, and to give him a pound at a time as it suited me. Though I could not have asked this, yet as he proposed and pressed it, as I was dreadfully in want of clothes, and as I hoped to receive nine pounds, I agreed to give him four pounds for a well-made good cloth coat and pantaloons. These I have, and I have also to pay for them. I name these things, my Mary, as I know you prefer to enter into all my difficulties, even though of a trivial kind."—Pp. 278, 279.

Two months afterwards he writes in the same poverty-stricken strain:—

"MY DEAREST MARY,

"Another empty letter! nor can integrity, affection, or ingenuity enable me even to enclose in it a single pound. I delayed writing, nothing doubting that I should be enabled to enclose something for poor Ann, and I really did not like to write until I could do so; but I fear you will think me ill, or that something has occurred worse than the truth. My 'Lollards,' I think I told you, I cut down to one part for the Society; but when I submitted it, I saw that it did not realize the *beau idéal* formed in Mr. Lloyd's mind. He had once the subject in hand himself, and not succeeding, no wonder that I should not carry out what perhaps he had not exactly made up his mind upon. At all events I knew it would never answer to allow the Tract Society to retain aught from my pen they did not fully approve. I therefore remarked that it would perhaps be better for me to finish it according to my original plan, and dispose of it elsewhere if he did not object. Well! I sent it to Mr. Houlston, who I thought would give me less for it than I expected to receive, but if he gave five or six pounds it would answer. He approved it, and offered only three pounds for it. I conferred with Mr. R——, and told him I was compelled to take it, low as it was, being in debt. He said I ought not to do so, that I should have two sovereigns from him until I sold it, but that it would do me good with Houlston not to take three pounds. As the poem had occasioned me much time and trouble, I acted on his advice and withdrew the poem, and am now looking for a customer."—Pp. 281, 282.

Even in his best days he seldom had a sovereign of which he was not in immediate want, and, as his biographer observes,

was no exception to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's remark: "For the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump;" or as his own words—which are as touching as the "Song of the Shirt," and prove that distressed needle-women are not the only ill-remunerated workers in the world—put the matter:—

" 'Go on' is sounding in my ears—
I sometimes heave a sigh,
And ask for holiday—'Go on!
Go on!' is the reply."

It seems the Aristarchuses of the *Depôt* did not appreciate so highly as the public the "Old Humphrey" papers. The Mr. Lloyd above referred to, often cut them down most unmercifully, which accounts for the ragged appearance of many of them. Even the "toppers," as his finest passages were styled by their aggrieved but all-enduring author (in allusion to one of these papers founded on the refusal of a street-fruitseller to sell him a reserved pottle of strawberries because he wanted them as "toppers" to set off the rest), even the finest hautboys in the basket, were ruthlessly excised. But this was not the worst:—

"It might be supposed," says Mr. Williams, "that as under this appellation Mr. Mogridge obtained no ordinary celebrity, it was equally sudden, if not as great. But the contrary is the fact. The first of the series now commenced in January, 1833, entitled 'Old Humphrey's Observations,' occupied only about half a page of the periodical; and only four other papers were published during the remainder of that year. In 1834, he appeared regularly once a month, and in the following year no fewer than twenty-six times; but now he bids his readers 'Farewell,' and retires altogether from public view. In 1836, he announces his return in two papers; and in 1837, thirteen of his papers have a place in *The Visitor*, which has now become a monthly magazine. These circumstances suggest that some persons were soon satiated with his lucubrations, and it was, therefore, proposed in 1838, that they should finally cease. It happened, however, at this crisis, that the present writer, who only knew Mr. Mogridge by the productions of his pen, had to determine whether this should be; and not only was his answer in the negative, but his opinion was added that if 'Old Humphrey' were duly encouraged, his papers would most probably become far more interesting, effective, and useful. Several years after Mr. Mogridge playfully wrote to his friend, in allusion to this fact:—

" 'I can quite realize and shudder at the merciless question: 'Shall we kill 'Old Humphrey?' ' (O what cruel Turks there are in the world!) And I can hear the music of the prompt reply, 'No! certainly not!' And I hereby promise that should I ever hear of a conspiracy against your life or liberty, hiding my gray hairs

in an iron casque, like a true knight to rush to the rescue.'"—Pp. 297—299.

His last contribution to the *Visitor* under this signature, was penned at the close of the year 1851. It was a "Parting Address," and it is a fine thing to see the Christian spirit which, under all his trials and privations, animated everything he wrote, culminating as his sun goes down. "'Old Humphrey's' last text," he says, in this paper, "Shall be 'Praise ye the Lord;' and his last word, Alleluia!" He had already met with the accident—a sprained ankle from setting his foot suddenly on a broken flagstone—from the effects of which he never ultimately rallied, and which terminated his highly useful career. Often before had his life been in imminent danger. In infancy, a careless servant thrust a warming-pan into the bed in which he was sleeping, and, paralyzed by fright on hearing his screams, left it there. When quite a child, he pitched head-foremost into the excavations made for the cellars of some unfinished houses, striking his forehead against the brickwork. On one occasion in after-life he imprudently tried to walk along the narrow ridge of the lofty wall of Kenilworth Castle, and, stumbling over a loose stone, all but lost his footing; and another time he very narrowly escaped a watery grave through shooting the wrong arch of old London Bridge. But his weary and scantily-waged day's work was now done, and he could sing in lines which we gladly quote as one of many pleasing specimens of his far from contemptible poetical powers to be found in the volume:—

"I have dreamed that I slept on the verge of a rock,
Where the waters eternally roll;
That I fell, and sank deep in the depths of the sea,
And the billows passed over my soul.
But that time is gone, and the vision is fled
And the dreadful emotion is o'er,
And the rock and its terrors have vanished away,
And the waves have o'erwhelmed me no more.

"I have watched till the darkness of night has prevailed
O'er a mortal resigning his breath;
And have gazed with a pang till the features of life
Have been lost in the shadows of death.
But the darkness of midnight has gone far away,
And once more the bright day has been given;
And the shadows of death, and the gloom of the grave,
Shall be chased by the glories of Heaven."

Here we might, and, perhaps, should close. But we cannot forbear citing a beautiful incident, showing, in a very touching

way, how the attachment of an old and faithful domestic for her master lingered over his mortal remains. Mr. Mogridge, as his writings everywhere evince, was a devout admirer of nature, and ample justice, we may say in passing, is done by his biographer to this trait in his character. Nobody needs to be told that "Old Humphrey" loved flowers, but the heath-flower was his favourite amongst them all, and he had written some fine stanzas on the subject, the last of which ran thus:—

"Be near my heart, thou little flower!
But live not in my mortal hour,
What time these eyes in slumber deep,
Shall sleep their everlasting sleep;
For I may not mingle, when death is given
The dream of earth—with the hope of Heaven,
Nor sink to my eternal rest
A heath-flower withering on my breast."

When he was lying in his coffin, his servant Ann, knowing how fond he had been in life of this wild blossom, but ignorant as yet of his having thus written, had actually gone out, unknown to any one, and gathering one, had placed it on the breast of the corpse. A few days afterwards, the widow found her bathed in tears. She had seen the lines, and was inconsolable at the thought of having even unwittingly contravened the wish of one held so dear, nor could she be pacified till she learned that she had after all realized his desire according to the verse as first written:—

"Be near my heart, thou little flower,
And live there in my mortal hour,
What time these eyes, in slumber deep,
Shall sleep their everlasting sleep;
For I would mingle when death is given,
The dream of earth—with the hope of Heaven;
And sink to my eternal rest,
A heath-flower withering on my breast."

—P. 370.

ART. VI.—EDINBURGH ESSAYS.

Edinburgh Essays. By Members of the University. 1856. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1857.

THE example set by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge has at length been followed in Scotland; and the present volume may be regarded as the first offering at the shrine of literature by the combined talent of some of the most distinguished members of the University of Edinburgh. The contents are varied and interesting. There are eight essays in all, treating of general literature, philosophy, medicine, and chemistry. Those on the last two subjects, although admirably reasoned, and exceedingly good in point of style, appear to us of too technical a description for a volume of popular essays; but, with these exceptions, the subjects are both well selected and successfully handled.

The first contribution is from the pen of Professor Blackie, who furnishes a very clever and readable article upon Plato. It is not a summary of the Platonic system, nor an exposition of any particular branch of it, nor a defence of its founder; but it treats the subject generally, popularly, and—we must say—superficially. Professor Blackie's crotchets with regard to Highland evictions, and the turning of large tracts of country into deer-forests, and his opinion of the evils and shams of modern British society, would seem to most men to have little connexion with the great Greek philosopher; but, notwithstanding, we find them dragged in and paraded on the pages of the essay before us. At its commencement, there is a fanciful comparison between Plato and Benmuicdhui, a mountain whose very name would have been an abomination to the sensitive and eloquent Greek, and would have grated on his ear like the sound of a bag-pipe. Afterwards, the following eloquent parallel is drawn between the Christian faith and the Platonic philosophy: "Nor does it require a very profound glance to see how Platonic philosophy and Christian faith, in their grand outlines, characteristic tendencies, and indwelling spirit, are identical; identical, at least, in so far as a thing of Hebrew and anything of Hellenic origin can be considered as presenting varieties of a common type. The prominence given to the doctrine of the immortality of the soul in all Plato's works, as contrasted with the position of the same doctrine in the systems of Aristotle and other Greek philosophers; the atmosphere of a pure and unworldly emotion, that, like airs from Paradise, floats through the blooming bowers of the Academy; the single-hearted dedication of the soul to truth, beauty, and holiness, as things essentially divine, for their own sake, to the utter contempt of all the inferior springs of action that lie in the words expediency, policy, utility, and worldly wisdom; these, with other characteristic features that lie on the very surface of the Platonic books, are things essentially Christian, and are felt by every person of well-cultivated moral

sensibility, to be much more closely allied to the Gospel of John than they are to Aristotle, or John Locke, or Dr. Paley. Why then, we ask again, has this door of entrance to the inner sanctuary of Platonic meditation been so little taken advantage of in these lands? Plainly, so far as we can see, from the strange peculiarities of the English mind already alluded to, which at once robbed our scholarship of all capacity to develop the best elements which it contained, and our theology of all desire to form any alliance with the highest forms of scholarship. Our universities were, and still are, very closely connected with our churches; and yet Plato, the element in purely academical learning most essentially Christian, was neglected; just because the tyrannical force of the strong English character, with its obstinate idiosyncrasy, impressed a stamp both upon our theology and our scholarship which made it impressible, in the least possible degree, by anything in the shape of Platonism." Professor Blackie, however, anticipates a happier destiny for the present and future generations, and concludes by predicting that: "Plato will be the favourite author of the men who read Greek in the very delicate and difficult transition epoch of the national speculation on which we seem to be entering; and the restored familiarity with such a thinker may not remain without some very sensible influence on our received formulas of expression in the highest regions of speculation and faith."

Mr. Skelton's essay, entitled "Early English Life in the Drama," is characterized by much learning and research, and by a picturesque and agreeable style. Much curious information will be found in this essay on the manners and customs of our forefathers, and the mediæval English stage. Some singular extracts are given from the accounts of the Whitsun miracle-plays formerly celebrated in the ancient city of Chester. The following may be taken as specimens: "'Payd to the players for rehearsal—imprimis, to God, 2s. 8d.; itm. to Pilate his wife, 2s.; itm. to the Devil and Judas, 1s. 6d.'" But it was on 'hell-mouthe,'" says Mr. Skelton, "that the stage artist lavished his resources, and that he depended for his principal points: 'Payd for mending of hell, ijd.; itm. for painting of hell-mouthe, iijd.; itm. for making of hell-mouthe new, is. ixd.; itm. for keeping fire at hell's-mouthe, iiijd.; itm. for setting the world of fyer, vd.,' are entries which occur upon every page."

Dr. Gairdner's essay on "Homœopathy" is an excellent specimen of medical polemics, clear, convincing, and well argued throughout, but, as we before said, it seems a little out of place in the present volume. "Infanti Perduti," is the somewhat affected title of Mr. Andrew Wilson's essay upon unfortunate and erring men of genius; upon the nature and prerogatives of genius, and the frequent connexion between it and misery; upon the relation in which such men stand to the world, the treatment they have generally met with from it, and the treatment which it ought to accord them. Unfortunately, the author occasionally seems not to understand himself very clearly, and appears not to have sufficiently thought out the difficult and perplexed problems which he has undertaken to solve; and hence, a

certain vagueness of utterance which materially detracts from the effect of his, in many respects, able and thoughtful essay.

Mr. James Sime, in a well-composed article on the "Progress of Britain in the Mechanical Arts," furnishes many important details with regard to our vast advancement since the commencement of the present century in the various arts of construction, especially in the application of steam to the mines, navigation, and textile fabrics of the empire, and the uses of iron in ship-building, tubular bridges, and an immense variety of other purposes. Mr. Sime tells us that the inventors of distinguished mechanical improvements have formed no exception to the tardy recognition and ingratitude which seem to be the general lot of men of genius: "It is a singular and a mournful fact, that every one of the great improvements to which Britain owes her present prosperity, has fought its way in the world against clamour, knavery, and contempt. An increase in poor-rates, and a general distress among workpeople, were thought inevitable on the introduction of an important piece of machinery. Combinations not to use it, nor to buy what it produced, were sometimes formed among intelligent men; but as soon as the inventor began to make money, and employ more hands, an outcry was raised by less able rivals that the improvement was of rational importance, and ought not to be protected by patent. Law pleas, poverty for a time at least, and sometimes for life, and petty annoyances of every kind, were too often the inheritance of inventors, whose genius has done as much for the nation as the most distinguished naval or military chief of whom it can boast."

Perhaps the most brilliant essay of the present series is that by Mr. Alexander Smith—himself no mean poet—upon "Scottish Ballads." It deserves and will well repay an attentive perusal. The author has introduced into it, naturally enough, some reflections upon the charges of want of originality and plagiarism which were recently brought against him in certain journals; but has certainly not improved his essay, though he may have relieved his feelings, by so doing. "The Scottish Ballads," he tells us, "grew up over the country like wild flowers. Their authors were most probably part minstrels, part gaberlunzies, who wandered about the kingdom, dwelling often 'under the canopy with the choughs and crows,' haunting fairs, markets, and all assemblies of people, and when fortunate enough to procure a supper and a couch of straw, paying their lawing with a song, and then forward on the morrow; and often, doubtless, we should find the minstrel equipped in the steel jacket of the moss-trooper, urging a drove of floundering and terrified cattle before him from Cumberland on a moonless night, with many a prick of lance, and a great superfluity of curses. Many of the Border ballads are so real and life-like, so full of character and humour, that we feel the singer had himself wielded a sword in the combat, or ridden into England to lift a prey." Afterwards we find a classification of the Scottish ballads—1st. Into "those poems founded on historical events, private tragedies, and the fairy mythology; and 2ndly. Those which more specially pertain to the Borders, and relate the sturt and

strife, the wild revenges, the exploits, skirmishes, and cattle-lifting expeditions of the marchmen. The first contains much of the finest poetry and the deepest pathos. Those of the second attend closely to the business in hand, are rude and bustling, and are frequently enlivened by flashes of savage humour. In every stanza you seem to hear the clatter of hoofs, and the rattle of steel jackets. Both are valuable as throwing light on a condition of man which can never recur in these islands; as exhibiting in a mighty mirror pictures of a strong, passionate, turbulent time. Nowhere is the reader more impressed, not even on the page of Shakspeare himself, with the reality of the scenes, and the men and women. Yet, with all this naturalness, it is difficult for the reader of to-day, with his complex environments and difference of training, to imagine himself so actuated, so subdued by fears, so stormed along by passion. In reading these compositions, we see what we have gained and lost in the course of a few centuries—what new elements have entered into human life—what more of awfulness or frivolity, of truth or falsehood; we discover the old sea-margins of right and wrong, and compare with them the point the tide reaches to-day. All that far-off, lawless, generous life is unroofed to us in these ballads; we wander among the relics of a past society as we would amongst the ruins of Pompeii. We see the domestic economy of the houses of our ancestors; everything is left there for our inspection. We can take up a household implement, and examine its material and shape. The first thing that strikes the reader of the ballads is their direct and impulsive life. There is nothing cloaked or concealed. You look through the iron corslet of the marauder, and see the fierce heart heave beneath. None of the heroes ever seems to feel that hesitancy and palsy of action which arises from the clash of complex and opposing motives. At once the mailed hand executes the impulse of the hot heart. There seem to have been no dissimulators in those days. If a man is a scoundrel, he speaks and acts as if he were perfectly aware of the fact, and aware, too, that the whole world knew it as well as himself. If a man is wronged by another, he runs him through the body with his sword, or cleaves him to the chin with his pole-axe, and then flees, pursued night and day, awake and asleep, in town and wilderness, by a bloody ghost. If two lovers meet in the greenwood, they forget church and holy priest, and in course of time the heron is startled from his solitary haunt, and shame and despair are at rest beneath the long weeds of the pool, and a ghost with dripping hair glides into the chamber, and with hand of ice awakes the horrified betrayer from his first sleep on his bridal night."

Mr. Baynes's Essay on Sir William Hamilton, the chief of Scottish metaphysicians, is clear, able, and interesting; and brings forward a number of facts, not generally known, with regard to the life and teaching of the late distinguished Professor of Logic. The essay opens with a brilliant sketch of Dr. Chalmers and Professor Wilson, who, as Mr. Baynes truly says, during more than a quarter of a century, along with Sir William Hamilton, were the foremost men in Scotland in theology, literature, and philosophy. Sir William's

articles on the "Problems of Pure Philosophy," originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, for a long time excited but little attention in Britain. He had that mark of a true prophet,—no honour among his own countrymen. These articles were collected and translated abroad before they were generally known at home; his name was familiarly mentioned in foreign philosophical works before it was heard across the Tweed; the universities and literary societies of the Continent vied with each other in doing honour to his profound learning, when the reproach of ignorance was the only recognition he received from the banks of the Isis and the Cam; and while his cautious countrymen were doubtfully admitting his claim to a chair in a Scottish university, he was signalized by Brandis in Germany as the great master of the Peripatetic philosophy—by Cousin, in France, as the first metaphysician in Europe. The extent of Sir William's erudition was something almost fabulous and unparalleled. At his examination for honours at Oxford, he professed not only every classic author of mark, whether poet, orator, or historian, but also, under the head of science, the whole of Aristotle and Plato, the books of the Neo-Platonists, and, in short, all the works extant in the Greek and Roman philosophy. Such pretensions invited severity; and he was subjected to a most searching and thorough examination, lasting, in the department of philosophy, for two days, six hours each day; and, at its conclusion, besides gaining the honours of the college, he received the public acknowledgments of his questioners, that his examination had never been surpassed either in the minute or the comprehensive knowledge of the systems on which he had been examined.

In 1836, Sir William was elected by the small majority of two to the chair of logic and metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. This narrow majority was owing to the miserable system of election then and still subsisting—which there is a very general desire in Scotland to see abolished—by which the greater number of the chairs of the university are placed at the absolute disposal of the Town Council, most of whom are but half-educated men, and who generally bestow them in obedience to the dictates of sectarian animosity or political partisanship, rather than according to the interests of education and the honour of the university. It was owing to the prevalence of this wretched system, that Sir William Hamilton, admittedly the first metaphysician in Great Britain, and supported by the greatest philosophers of the Continent, such as Cousin and Brandis, was, notwithstanding, nearly defeated in his canvass for the Logic chair. An excellent account of Sir William's manner of teaching, and of the success of his efforts to excite the industry and develop the mental resources of his students, will be found in the essay before us, which also contains an animated and picturesque description of his appearance and style of lecturing, which our limits forbid us to give at length. We must, however, extract the following summary of what this great man did for the science of mental philosophy: "The whole procedure of philosophy hitherto, has been either an assumption of principles, a criticism of

principles, or at most, a capricious and immethodical appeal to facts. To Sir William Hamilton belongs the glory of having finally abolished this vicious system, by expounding with philosophical rigour and minuteness the nature and conditions of the one true method; fixing the point of departure for philosophy in the facts of inward experience, and converting the appeal to consciousness, hitherto at least so partial, fluctuating, and contradictory, into a scientific instrument of the utmost certainty and precision. The value of his "Dissertation on the Philosophy of Common Sense," in this relation, cannot be overrated. The true path being thus opened, it is reasonable to believe that the progress of the science in future will be sure and rapid,—presenting a striking contrast to the tardy rate of advancement in the past. Such a belief, the analogy of physical science abundantly justifies. As physical theories are earlier in the history of speculation than metaphysical, it was natural that physical science should first emerge from the labyrinth of subtle dialectics, in which both were originally, and for so long, involved. But even this is a comparatively recent event. Physical science is still in its first youth, no branch of it being yet two hundred years old; during the previous two thousand it remained under the dominion of systems, and was, like metaphysics, a mere logical romance. The most elaborate theories, starting from abstract principles instead of observed facts, could of course really explain nothing, could discover nothing; and instead of contributing to the progress of science, remained wholly barren—at best, like the Ptolemaic astronomy, curious monuments of great but perverse ingenuity. With the revival of letters came the dawn of a better method. Bacon, standing in that early light, clearly pointed out the errors which had hitherto prevented the progress of inquiry, as well as the road which all successful investigation in future must pursue; and modern science is the result of his method. Sir William Hamilton is the true Bacon of mental philosophy, and his method, fully accepted and diligently followed, will here also break up the despotism of systems, and inaugurate the era of science."

We have only left ourselves space to mention the eloquent, but somewhat too scientific and technical, essay by Dr. George Wilson on "Chemical Final Causes." The accomplished professor shows a perfect mastery of his subject, and has written with his usual ease and elegance, enlivening the abstruse details—the dry bones of his essay—with that profuse and appropriate variety of illustration which he has so perfectly at command.

Quarterly Review of American Literature.

THE literary and scientific associations of the United States have been formed, in a great measure, after similar institutions in Europe. Most of them are of recent origin, but their utility has been obvious in awakening a spirit of inquiry and investigation, and operating as a stimulus to exertion in the pursuits of literature and science. We propose, therefore, in the commencement of the present review, to give a brief account of the formation, object, labours, and results of some of these learned societies. They will be arranged in chronological order.

The first, of which we have found any record, was a literary and philosophical society established in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1730. The celebrated Dean Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, is thought to have suggested its formation. He arrived in Newport in 1729, and purchased an estate in the vicinity, where he resided about two years and a half. Here he wrote most of his "Alciphron, or Minute Philosopher," which was published in London in 1732, shortly after his return to England. To Bishop Berkeley the literary institutions of New England are much indebted. He made valuable donations of books to the libraries of Harvard University and Yale College; and, on his departure, sent, as a gift to Yale College, a deed of the estate he held in Rhode Island. He directed the rents to be appropriated to the three best classical scholars, who should reside at the college between their first and second degrees. When it is considered that Bishop Berkeley went to America for the express purpose of founding an episcopal college, his munificence to an institution, under the direction of a different denomination, is as rare as it is worthy of high praise. One of the objects of the Newport Literary Society was the collection of valuable books, and it obtained a charter in 1747 by the name of "The Company of the Redwood Library." The institution contains many rare and valuable books, but the literary society is now extinct.

The American Philosophical Society is the oldest now in existence in the United States. It was founded in 1769, and was incorporated by the legislature of Pennsylvania in 1780. Its centre of operations is the city of Philadelphia, and the meetings are semi-monthly. It has published ten quarto volumes of transactions, containing valuable articles on literature, the sciences, and the arts. Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were the earliest presidents of this society. It has a permanent fund, the interest of which is to be disposed of in premiums, to be adjudged to the authors of the most important discovery or most useful invention relating to navigation, astronomy, or natural philosophy. There is attached to the institution a large cabinet of minerals and fossils; and its library contains about twelve thousand volumes, many of them rare and costly, presented by foreign governments and learned societies.

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences is next in age and

importance to the preceding society. It is located at Boston, and was incorporated by the Massachusetts legislature in 1780. The object of the society is thus expressed in a clause of the charter: "That the end and design of the institution of said academy is to promote and encourage the knowledge of the antiquities of America, and of the natural history of the country, and to determine the uses to which the various natural productions of the country may be applied; to promote and encourage medical discoveries, mathematical disquisitions, philosophical inquiries and experiments, astronomical, metereological and geographical observations, and improvements in agriculture, arts, manufactures, and commerce; and, in fine, to cultivate every art and science which may tend to advance the interest, honour, dignity, and happiness of a free, independent, and virtuous people." The number of active members can never exceed two hundred, nor be less than forty. It has four stated meetings in a year. This institution has published six quarto volumes containing matters relative to the objects of the society. John Adams and John Quincy Adams, presidents of the United States, Nathaniel Bowditch, LL.D., and John Pickering, LL.D., have presided over this association. The late Count Rumford left to the academy a fund, the interest of which is to be expended in premiums of gold and silver medals to the authors of any important discoveries or useful improvements on light and heat.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has its location at Boston, and was formed in 1791, and incorporated in 1794. The society meets monthly. The number of its resident members cannot exceed thirty, and those chosen in other states and countries are limited to sixty. It has printed thirty volumes, called Collections, containing a vast amount of important historical matter. This is the oldest historical society in the United States, and it possesses the best library, and the largest number of charts, maps, plans, and manuscripts.

The Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences was formed at New Haven, and incorporated in 1799. It was established for the purpose of encouraging literary and philosophical researches. The academy has stated meetings, at which subjects are discussed and dissertations read, many of which have appeared in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. President Dwight, of Yale College, was the first president, and remained in office until his death in 1817. His successor was President Day, who was annually re-elected until his death in 1836, when Professor Silliman was called to preside over the academy.

The New York Historical Society was formed in 1804. Governor Clinton, Chancellor Kent, and Governor Lewis have been presidents. Peter A. Jay, LL.D., is now the presiding officer. The society has issued seven volumes, and is preparing others for publication. This institution has a valuable library of about fifteen thousand volumes.

The American Antiquarian Society is located at Worcester, Massachusetts, and was incorporated in 1812. Among its publications is a volume of *Archæologia*, of 435 pages, in which the

principal article is from the pen of Caleb Atwater, containing an account of his examinations of the ancient mounds, works of defence, and other remains in the Western States, illustrated by maps, plans, and drawings; also a volume by the late Hon. Albert Gallatin, LL.D., containing a learned and elaborate synopsis and comparison of the various Indian tribes and their dialects, and which promises to do much towards disclosing their origin: and, recently, the society has issued another publication, consisting chiefly of the early records of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, with notes by the librarian, Samuel F. Haven. The library contains about twenty thousand volumes, many of which are highly valuable, besides a mass of pamphlets, maps, prints, and rare and curious manuscripts. The collection of newspapers, of an early date, is the most valuable in the United States. Besides its library, cabinet, and beautiful edifice, it has a fund of 25,000 dollars, being a legacy from its first president, Isaiah Thomas, LL.D. The Hon. Edward Everett, LL.D., is now the presiding officer. Such is a brief account of some of the oldest learned societies of the United States. In a subsequent number we may resume the subject.

We now proceed to notice some recent *theological* works. Among these a second American edition of "Dehon's Sermons, with additional Sermons never before published,"¹ has just been issued. The author was widely known as an eloquent preacher, a clear and forcible writer, and a conscientious prelate. The first American edition has long since been exhausted; and of three editions which have been printed in England, it is stated that not a copy remains unsold. These sermons were not written with a view to publication, but only for parochial use, and never had the benefit of the author's revision. The two volumes contain one hundred and ten sermons. These discourses are on: The Scriptures, The Sabbath, Repentance, The Danger of Neglecting the Gospel, Glorifying in the Lord, Hope, Stability in Religion, Truth making the Faithful Free, The Power of Conscience, Obligation of Living in God's Sight, and other themes of practical importance. Though we decidedly object to some of Bishop Dehon's views, yet we regard these volumes, on the whole, as "a devout and beautiful commentary on the teachings of the Holy Scriptures." The great principles of religion are inculcated with energy. The sermons unite taste and judgment, and present the thought with simplicity and clearness. The author affected none of that obscurity which sciolists or transcendentalists would pass off for depth and originality.

A volume of "Essays and Reviews,"² from the pen of Dr. Hodge, has just been collected and published. The learned author has been

¹ Sermons on the Public Means of Grace, on the Fasts and Festivals of the Church, Scripture Characters, and various practical subjects. By the late Right Rev. Theodore Dehon, D.D. Second American Edition, with additional Sermons, never before published. Two vols. 8vo. New York. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

² Essays and Reviews. By Charles Hodge, D.D. Selected from the *Princeton Review*. New York. 8vo., pp. 635. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

for many years a professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and is the corypheus of the "Old School Presbyterians." A large proportion of these essays and reviews are in vindication of the doctrines held by that section of the church, and in opposition to Barnes and others, called the "New School Presbyterians." The volume contains eighteen articles selected from the *Princeton Review*, comprising, among others, critiques on the following works: Cox on Regeneration, Stuart on the Romans, Beman on the Atonement, Finney's Lectures, Bushnell's Christian Nurture, and three articles on the Theology of the Intellect and Feelings. Besides these there are articles of a more general character, as: The Latest Form of Infidelity, Theories of the Church, Is the Church of Rome a part of the Visible Church, Slavery and Emancipation, &c. These essays and reviews are written with ability, and are interesting as furnishing a history of the theology of the present times.

Dr. Wayland's "Notes on the Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches,"³ comprises a series of ably written papers, originally published in the *New York Examiner*, and the unpretending title under which the articles first appeared is retained. The author is favourably known to the British public by his interesting "Memoirs of Dr. Judson," and his excellent treatise on "The Elements of Moral Science," both of which have been reprinted in this country. The latter work is distinguished for its clear, condensed, and sound philosophical views, and is used as a text-book in almost every American college, excepting those in the slave states, where it is excluded on account of its anti-slavery character. A large portion of the volume of "Notes" is on the polity and practice of the Baptist churches, but many of the author's remarks and criticisms may be read with profit by members of every Christian church. The work is better adapted to the United States than to England. Many, however, of the respected author's own denomination, in both countries, will dissent from his views in reference to theological education and other topics, while they admit the Christian spirit which he manifests, and the ingenuity of his reasoning. The volume is written in a plain, direct, and energetic style, but does not possess the elaborate finish which generally marks Dr. Wayland's productions.

Kimball's "Heaven"⁴ is a work unique in its character. The topics discussed in the volume are: Popular Notions of Heaven, Rational Inquiries about Heaven, Creation Objective and Subjective, The Bible, Heaven a State, Jesus Christ Objective and Subjective, Heaven as a Place, The Society of Heaven, The Joy of Heaven, Occupations of Heaven. It is as pleasing as it is rare to receive such a contribution to religious literature from the pen of a Christian gentleman whose time is engrossed in mercantile pursuits.

³ Notes on the Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches. By Francis Wayland. Crown 8vo., pp. 336. New York. 1856. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

⁴ Heaven. By William James Kimball. Boston. 1856. 12mo., pp. 281. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

There is much in the work that is original and suggestive, and calculated to elevate the mind and warm the heart of the Christian, and awaken a livelier relish for the joys of heaven.

Within the limits assigned to us, we can only notice the following works on *science* and *general literature* :—

"The Life of John Adams, Second President of the United States,"⁵ will be read by all, and especially by statesmen, with great interest. President Adams was one of the most remarkable men and patriots of the American Revolution, and we cannot better introduce the volume before us to our readers than by giving a sketch of the principal events of his life, and the important services it so ably commemorates. The entire works of President Adams have recently been published in ten vols. 8vo., and, in literary value and interest, are superior to the writings of Washington and Jefferson. His works deserve to be read and studied by statesmen. The first eighty-nine pages of the life are written by the brilliant and vigorous pen of his son, John Quincy Adams, who himself subsequently became President of the United States, and the remainder by the son of the latter, who has successfully accomplished his task. The ancestors of Mr. Adams left England for the wilds of America to enjoy their religious opinions unmolested, and were among the earliest settlers of Massachusetts. John Adams was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, Oct. 30, 1735. He graduated at Harvard University in 1755 and, while a member of that college, distinguished himself by strength of mind, intense application, and high moral character. He spent the three years next succeeding in the study of the law, and, at the same time, defrayed his expenses by instructing pupils in Latin and Greek. In 1758, Mr. Adams was admitted to practice as an attorney, and soon obtained a competent portion of lucrative business. In 1764, he married Abigail Smith, daughter of the Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, a lady of great beauty and worth, whose character was eminently adapted to develope every good trait of her husband, and with whom his happy union continued for fifty-four years. Soon after his marriage, he removed to Boston, where he acquired an extensive legal practice. About a year afterwards, Mr. Adams published in the *Boston Gazette* several articles under the title of an "Essay on Canon and Feudal Law," which manifest great acuteness and legal erudition, and were reprinted in London. Mr. Adams took his seat in congress in 1774, and was among the foremost in recommending the adoption of an independent government. In the words of Jefferson: "The great pillar and support to the declaration of independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the house, was John Adams." Speaking of his general character as an orator, the same illustrious man observed, "that he was the colossus of that congress: not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent

⁵ The Life of John Adams, Second President of the United States; with Notes and Illustrations by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Boston. 1856. 8vo., pp. 684. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and expression, which moved his hearers from their seats." In 1780, he was appointed ambassador to Holland, and in 1782, he went to Paris to engage in the negotiation for peace, having previously obtained the assurance that Great Britain would recognise the independence of the United States. The definitive treaty of peace was ratified in 1784, and the next year he was appointed the first minister to London. The following graphic sketch, given by Mr. Adams himself, of his first interview with George III., will be read with interest. He had at first, under the peculiarly delicate and embarrassing circumstances of his mission, intended to present his credentials silently and retire, but he found that a formal speech would be expected. Having been introduced to the King by the Marquis of Carmarthen, Adams addressed his Majesty in the following words: "Sir,—*The United States of America* have appointed me their Minister-Plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honour to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your royal family. The appointment of a minister from the United States to your Majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honour to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, 'the old good nature, and the good old humour,' between people who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, a kindred blood. I beg your Majesty's permission to add that, although I have sometimes before been entrusted by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself." The king, says Mr. Adams, "listened to every word I said, with dignity it is true, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation—for I felt more than I did or could express—that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had manifested, and said: 'Sir,—The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I found myself indis-

pensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect.'” After the formal addresses, the king indulged in some familiar remarks, expressing his pleasure at receiving a minister who had no prejudices in favour of France—the natural enemy of his crown. The reply of Mr. Adams evinced his patriotism and honesty of character: “May it please your Majesty,” said he, “I have no prejudices but for my own country.” The king replied, as quick as lightning, “An honest man will never have any other.” In 1787, whilst in London, Mr. Adams published his “Defence of the American Constitution,” and the same year, by his own request, he was allowed to return to the United States. Congress passed a resolution of thanks for his able and faithful discharge of the various important commissions with which he had been intrusted. Immediately after his return, he was elected the first Vice-President of the United States under the new constitution, and re-elected in 1793. He discharged the duties of his office until March 4, 1797, when he succeeded to the presidency, vacated by the resignation of Washington, whose confidence he possessed in an eminent degree. After President Adams’s retirement from public life, he occupied himself with literary and agricultural pursuits at his seat at Quincy; and, with the exception of a severe affliction—the loss of his wife—his days glided calmly away until the 4th of July, 1826. On that day he died, with the sentiment upon his lips which he had uttered fifty years before upon the floor of congress—“Independence for ever.” In the course of the day, he said, “It is a great and glorious day;” and just before he expired, exclaimed, “Jefferson survives!” but in this he was mistaken. On that very day, at one o’clock, the spirit of Jefferson had passed away from earth.

A second edition of “Watson’s Men and Times of the Revolution,”⁶ has been published, in which the text has been revised, and new matter added. This work would be interesting if it were a fiction; as fact, it is more so, and combines in itself the instruction of biography and the charm of romance. It embraces a wonderful variety of scenes and characters, written in a simple manner, and graphically sketched. It contains much valuable information from the pen of one who was a prominent actor in the scenes which he describes, in a period of unexampled importance in the history of

⁶ Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, including Journals of Travels in Europe and America from 1777 to 1842, with his Correspondence with Public Men, and Reminiscences of the Revolution. Edited by his son, Winslow C. Watson. New York. 1856. 8vo., pp. 460. London: S. Low, Son, & Co.

the United States. The volume also includes Elkanah Watson's correspondence with John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Franklin, and other eminent American statesmen.

Tappan's "Elements of Logic,"⁷ is rather a treatise on metaphysics or philosophy, than a compendium of logical science. The preliminary matter occupies a large portion of the book, and the remainder is devoted to a consideration of logic, including the inductive as well as deductive method, together with the doctrine of evidence. Dr. Tappan is an independent thinker and vigorous reasoner, and his work is written in a methodical manner, and in a style concise, but lucid. He has had much experience as a professor, and is now President of the University of Michigan.

Dr. Draper's "Human Physiology,"⁸ is a profound and comprehensive treatise on man's physical life through all its changes. The author has been for many years a professor, and the work embodies his lectures delivered to successive classes in the university, and has been subjected to long and careful revision; it contains a vast amount of collateral matter tending to elucidate the intricacies of physiological science. The author bears a clear and decided testimony against those sceptical notions which are sometimes deduced from physiology, and has given to the public a work highly honourable to himself and his profession.

Bartlett's "Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, &c.,"⁹ is a valuable work, which introduces us to scenes of a novel character. We have risen from the perusal of these volumes with more vivid conceptions of the grand and beautiful features of the region the author describes, and more enlarged views of its natural resources. Mr. Bartlett travelled from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, embracing an extent of nearly five thousand miles. The region he explored will long continue to offer a wide field for the enterprising population of the American states, and a receptacle for the shoals of emigrants, good and bad, which annually cross the seas from Europe. The details of the narrative are full of interest, and the descriptions of the manners and state of society are, in general, spirited, while there is an air of good faith in the author's relation, which convinces us we may listen to him with confidence. Mr. Bartlett, as Commissioner of the United States, had an opportunity of exploring the country under the most favourable circumstances. The United States and Mexican Boundary Commission, as

⁷ Elements of Logic; together with an Introductory View of Philosophy in General, and a Preliminary View of the Reason. By Henry P. Tappan. New York. 8vo., pp. 468.

⁸ Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or, the Course and Conditions of the Life of Man. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. New York. 1856. 8vo., pp. 650.

⁹ Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, Sonora, and Chihuahua, connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission during the years 1850, 1851, 1852, and 1853. By John Russell Bartlett, U.S. Commissioner during that period. With Map and Illustrations. New York. Two vols., 8vo., pp. 1170.

organized in Washington under his direction, was composed of seventy-eight officers and assistants in the surveying, astronomical, and topographical divisions. In the course of the explorations many curious and valuable collections were made by the officers in the departments of zoology, botany, and geology. The geological collection was made by Dr. Thomas H. Webb, Secretary of the Joint Commission, a gentleman well known for his scientific attainments and antiquarian researches. In ethnology, Mr. Bartlett made vocabularies, each embracing two hundred words, in upwards of twenty different languages, most of which had never been previously collected. The volumes are illustrated by characteristic portraits of many of the aborigines, and sketches exhibiting their manners, customs, arts, and husbandry.

Our limits will permit us to notice only a few works of the more imaginative class. Under the singular but descriptive title of "The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-Bags," &c., by William H. Milburn (London: S. Low and Son), we have a volume of clever and sprightly lectures, especially remarkable, owing to the painful and peculiar circumstances of the author. Having lost almost entirely his sight at an early age, his history is an extraordinary and instructive example, like that of Kitto, of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. An English edition has appeared with an introduction from the able pen of the Rev. T. Binney.

Mrs. Child's "Autumnal Leaves,"¹⁰ is a well-written and agreeable volume, consisting of tales interspersed with short poems. The authoress is a warm advocate of the slave, and one of the most touching stories in this work is the narrative of a Hindoo slave in Java. Mrs. Child succeeds well in fiction, as also in the other fields of literature. The most esteemed of her works is "Philoleta," a romance of Greece, in which she has happily depicted Athenian society in the age of Pericles. Her narratives are lively, and will be read with interest by those who devote their desultory moments to elegant literature. The moral tone is elevated, though we might desire evidences of more scriptural views.

A second edition of Ware's "Julian; or, Scenes in Judea,"¹¹ is from the pen of one of the most elegant American writers. The hero of the tale is a Roman, of Hebrew descent, who visits the land of his ancestors during the last days of the Saviour. The scenes portrayed, although fictitious, have an air of truth, and are in harmony with the prominent actors in Judæa, at that memorable period. Some of Mr. Ware's works are well known in this country, and have been translated into German and other continental languages. His "Palmyra" has passed through fifteen editions.

Campbell's "Heroine of Scutari, and other Poems,"¹² evinces a

¹⁰ Autumnal Leaves: Tales and Sketches in Prose and Rhyme. By L. Maria Child. New York. 12mo. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

¹¹ Julian; or, Scenes in Judea. By William Ware, Author of "Zenobia," "Aurelian," &c. Two vols. in one. Second Edition. New York. 1856.

¹² The Heroine of Scutari, and other Poems. By Edward R. Campbell, Esq. New York. 1856. 12mo., pp. 334. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

spirit of elevated piety, as well as great purity of taste. The author has paid a just tribute to Miss Nightingale in the piece which gives a title to the volume, and the shorter productions of his muse cannot fail to prove acceptable to all whose souls are attuned to harmony. The versification is often vigorous, the expression happy, and the imagery rich and graceful.

Brief Notices.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

THIS edition of the marvellous "Rime" is beautifully printed, profusely illustrated, and most elegantly bound. The illustrations are wood-cuts by Horace Harral and Edmund Evans, after Wehnert, Birket Foster, and Duncan. We suspect Mr. Wehnert's free pencil has not in every case had justice done it by the engraver, but some of his fancies are very poetical and ghastly; witness, for example, the "Dicing of Death and Life-in-Death for the Ship's Crew," and the souls of the "four times fifty living men" leaving their earthly tenements. The seascapes of Messrs. Birket Foster and Duncan are admirable in every respect. The ship setting out on her voyage is a picture full of life and freshness. A morning breeze crisps the sea, and the doomed vessel, with no shadow of her coming fate upon her, drops merrily—

"Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top."

Equally effective, in a very different way, is the dreadful calm, with the water-snakes "within the shadow of the ship." The genius of Coleridge is all-sufficing in itself, but one cannot help delighting to see it honoured with these tributary elegancies.

SIR EDWIN GILDEROY. By Feltham Burghley. London: John Chapman.

A BALLAD occupying some eighty pages, with an introductory preface of a hundred and fifty, besides notes. There are honourable precedents for this disproportion between the principal dish and the *hors d'œuvres*, and we should not think of quarrelling with the host if that were all. But the introductory essay is, in truth, scarcely connected with the ballad, which is not at all an apology for it. And yet the essay is better than the ballad. Mr. Burghley's recipe for making a poem is not a bad one: "We can put out what we have put in, and that only, from any vessel, whether brain-pan or pudding-basin—but if we put in flour, water, currants, sugar, by good confection we may bring plum-pudding out." But the "confection" must be good, or the pudding will be nought. Mr. Burghley is not a Soyer, but rather that recorded French cook who, finding no mention of a pudding-bag in the recipe, boiled the ingredients loose

in the water, and served it up, consequently, in the form of a soup which turned the universal stomach. "Taste and try," says Mr. Burghley. We have obeyed, and beg to assure him that we feel exceedingly qualmish after the process. Prefixed to his poem is the following epigram:—

"Hic liber est mundus; homines sunt, candide, versus;
Invenies paucos hic, ut in orbe, bonos."—*Owen's Epigrams.*

"This book is like to the round world, reader, and men are its verses,
Few you will find in it, as in the world, that are good."

A criticism from which there is no appeal. Mr. Burghley makes also another quotation, from Bayle, in excellent taste, and which we earnestly beg him to take personally to heart: "J'ajouterai que s'ils sentaient le retour de quelque accès poétique, ils devraient le prendre pour une tentation de quelque mauvais génie."

ROUND THE FIRE. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

SIX stories for children, which are very pretty, very interesting, and some very touching. The only want is a few illustrations.

A BOOK OF GERMAN SONGS. Translated and edited by H. W. Dulcken. London: Ward & Lock.

A PARTICULARLY pleasant volume. Germany is essentially a song-loving nation, and is fertile in song-writers. Her songs have all the characteristics which such compositions demand, and are not merely brief poems. They are direct to the purpose, whatever that may be; whether war, or love, or wine, or sorrow move the singer; and they carry with them their own music; that is to say, the reading them infallibly suggests a melody. Mr. Dulcken has made an excellent selection of them, and his translations have great merit; they are close to the originals, and preserve their spirit, manner, and cadence very successfully. He has, in most cases, wisely adhered to the metre, and altogether a racy nationality pervades the book, which is invigorating, and relishing of the soil. The volume is very tastefully got up, and is well interspersed with illustrations, good and characteristic.

POEMS. By Edward Capern, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon. London: Bogue.

A VERY agreeable volume, in a moral as well as a poetical sense. Men, according to Lord Byron,—

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

And to a large extent this is a painful truth; the "wrong" of course including the imaginary as well as the real. Poetry is passion, and sorrow and suffering are more urgent to expression than contentment. The poets, therefore, of whose works cheerfulness is the leading characteristics, are extremely few, and welcome in proportion to their scanty number. We are glad to add the "Rural Postman of Bideford" to the list. Edward Capern is a rural postman, distri-

buting the mail between Bideford and Buckland Brewer, a discursive walk of thirteen miles daily, including Sundays; his salary, when he wrote these poems, was ten shillings and sixpence per week, out of which he contrived to maintain a wife and two children. Yet there is scarcely an expression of discontent throughout his volume, while positive outbursts of enjoyment abound. Horace's "Qui fit Mæcenâs" would find no echo in the breast of our Bideford postman. Here is his answer:—

"Oh, the postman's is a happy life
As any one I trow;
Wandering away where dragon-flies play
And brooks sing soft and slow.
And watching the lark as he soars on high
To carol in yonder cloud,
'He sings in his labour, and why not I?'
The postman sings aloud?"

This happy and enviable spirit pervades the book. Not that the author is insensible to the discomforts of his vocation either, or refrains from an occasional "heigho" at the thought of "the muck and miry slough" through which he sometimes has to trudge, and the—

"Toiling away through a weary week;
No *six-day* week, but *seven*."

But his consciousness of them never darkens any considerable portion of his day: it is generally but a cloud which passes with the sigh which it occasions. And if he is very contented and very cheerful under his own hard lot, he has a heart none the less sensitive to the sorrows and privations of others. His domestic affections are disclosed in the most touching and graceful manner. "Affection's Argument," which we do not need to be told is addressed to his wife, and is an endeavour to persuade her to relax somewhat of her maternal watchfulness for the sake of her own health, presents him in the glow of a true heart as well as of a true poet. In poems of this kind, and in descriptions of natural scenery, he chiefly delights. Sometimes in the latter he reminds us of poor Clare, though he never equals that remarkable poet. Occasionally he can sing a loftier strain with great success; "Our Devonshire Worthies," for example, and "The Lion-Flag of England," which have an echo of the spirit of Campbell in them. Edward Capern is, beyond a doubt, an estimable as well as a clever man. What Coleridge said of his poetical faculty, the "Bideford Postman" may repeat with equal truth. It has evidently been to him "its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed his afflictions; it has multiplied and refined his enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given him the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds him." And "an exceeding great reward" it will continue to be to him as long as he keeps it to its present function as a grace and an ornament, and does not endeavour to convert it to a means of living. It has already afforded him, we are glad to learn, substantial help, and we trust it will yield him a good deal more; but let him still regard it as an

auxiliary, and not a main source of subsistence. His inspiration is from the fields and green lanes of Devon, and he should not, if he values his happiness, hope to find it in dingy towns, and at the "desk's dead wood." We rejoice to see that the first edition of his book has produced him £150, which has been wisely invested in an annuity for the joint lives of himself and Mrs. Capern. The Post Office, too, has increased his salary to twelve shillings a week, and relieved him from his Sunday duties. This is better than making a nine days' wonder of him, and relegating him, when the excitement was over, to his old difficulties with a spirit less calculated to encounter them. It is better, too, than taking him out of his accustomed sphere, and placing him in a position where he would find none of those associations which have hallowed his life hitherto, and gilded with their happy radiance his ungenial fortunes.

HEART-MUSIC FOR WORKING PEOPLE. Selected and arranged by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. London: Partridge & Co.; Derby: Bemrose.

THIS is a generally good collection of poems from various sources, which we wish Mr. Clarke had been more careful to indicate. The names of the authors seem to be given or withheld capriciously, for Mr. Clarke can hardly be ignorant that Campbell wrote "The Soldier's Dream," or that "The Sea" is Barry Cornwall's; and not to tell the working men of the Derby Association that they owe to Cowper "The Loss of the Royal George," is practically to teach them that there is no virtue in gratitude. Nor can we commend the selection of "Alexander the Great," instead of Southey's "Battle of Blenheim," of which it is a palpable and rather poor imitation.

HELPS TO TRUTH-SEEKERS; or, Christianity and Scepticism. An Exposition and a Defence. By the Rev. Joseph Parker, Banbury. London: Judd & Glass.

THIS little work is intended to meet the wants of that large class of our young men who have not the means or the leisure for reading more elaborate works. The principal objections to Christianity, particularly those of the Secularist school, are boldly met and fairly answered. The style is luminous, terse, and energetic. Mr. Parker writes like a man who has tested his arguments by their application to actual life—to unbelievers, doubters, and truth-seekers with whom he has had personal intercourse; and, if we mistake not, his argumentation has thus acquired a vivaciousness and point not easily to be obtained by the secluded thinker. We should be glad to hear that this volume has been extensively circulated among the youth of our manufacturing towns; and give it our cordial recommendation, as equally excellent in manner and in matter.

THE PASTOR'S PRAYER FOR THE PEOPLE'S WEAL. A Practical Exposition of St. Paul's Prayer for the Ephesians, Eph. iii. 14—21. By James Spence, D.D., Minister of the Poultry Chapel, London.

THOUGH this work is divided into sections like a regular treatise, it appears from the author's introduction that it was delivered (or the

substance of it) from the pulpit, and we do not doubt was listened to with interest and profit. The piety, good sense, and spiritual tone of the volume will recommend it to all who may honour its pages with a perusal, though we imagine it will be most prized by the congregation and immediate friends of the author.

PARTING COUNCILS: an Exposition of the First Chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter; with Four Additional Discourses. By John Brown, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Sons; London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

DR. BROWN is well known to the religious public as the author of "Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of the Apostle Peter." The excellence of those discourses, the valuable contribution which by them the author has made to our exegetical theology, have rendered it very desirable that he should complete his design by executing with the same ability and care a commentary on the second epistle. It is to be regretted that Dr. Brown has confined himself in this second volume to the first chapter of the second epistle, thus leaving the work incomplete. While we are thankful for what he has done, we are sorry that he has not done more. We do not think that the difficulties to which he refers in his preface are insurmountable. The volume contains additional discourses on important subjects, such as these: How Christians may know that they are of the truth, and may assure their hearts before God; Assurance of Salvation, and how to obtain it; The Object of the Christian Economy, and the means of its accomplishment, &c. We direct the attention of the Biblical student to the author's interpretation of the very difficult passage, 2 Cor. iii. 18 (pp. 296, 297). Indeed, the whole of the discourse is worth the serious attention of every minister of the gospel.

Books Received.

- Adams's Cyclopædia of Female Biography. Parts 7, 8, 9. Groombridge & Sons.
 Ancient Poems: Ballads and Poems of the Peasantry of England. 252 pp. (Bell's Annotated Edition of the English Poets.) John W. Parker & Son.
 Anti-Slavery Advocate, for April. Wm. Tweedie.
 British Quarterly Review. No. L. Jackson & Walford.
 Church of England Quarterly Review. No. LXXXII. Partridge & Co.
 Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part VI. Bagster & Sons.
 Descriptive Notes of Works issued by Thos. Constable & Co. Edinburgh. No. II.
 Educator; or, the Home, the School, and the Teacher. No. XIII. Ward & Co.
 Evangelical Christendom, for April. Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
 Fraser's Magazine, for April. John W. Parker & Son.
 Gospel Tracts: "A Page for the Poor." 7 pp. W. H. Collingridge.
 Hue's (M. Abbé) Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. 2 vols., 422 & 405 pp. Longmans & Co.
 Jewish Chronicle, for April. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
 Journal of Sacred Literature. No. IX. Alex. Heylin.
 Leisure Hour, for April. Religious Tract Society.
 Liberator, for April. Houlston & Stoneman.
 London University Magazine, for April. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
 Maxwell's (Hon. S.) Wherefore as a Christian Quiescent in the late Election Struggle. 16 pp. W. Yapp.
 National Review. No. VIII. Chapman & Hall.
 Occasional Paper of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. No. XIV.
 Paragraph Bible in Separate Books: Deuteronomy, Judges and Ruth, Hebrews. Maps. Bagsters.
 Revue Chrétienne: Recueil Mensuel. No. IV. Paris: Ch. Meyrueis & Co.
 Sunday at Home, for April. Religious Tract Society.
 Voluntary and Religious Education: Minutes of a Conference at Homerton. 31 pp. Ward & Co.
 Winslow's (Dr. Forbes) Journal of Psychological Medicine. No. VI. J. Churchill.